UTAH

HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

SUMMER 2006 • VOLUME 74 • NUMBER 3

SUMMER 2006 • UTAH HISTORICAL QUARTERLY VOLUME 74 • NUMBER 3

UTAH HISTORICAL QUARTERLY
(ISSN 0042-143X)

Utah Historical Quarterly was established in 1928 to publish articles, documents, and reviews contributing to knowledge of Utah history. The *Quarterly* is published four times a year by the Utah State Historical Society, 300 Rio Grande, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101. Phone (801) 533-3500 for membership and publications information. Members of the Society receive the *Quarterly*, *Utah Preservation*, and the quarterly newsletter upon payment of the annual dues: individual, $25; institution, $25; student and senior citizen (age sixty-five or older), $20; sustaining, $35; patron, $50; business, $100.

Manuscripts submitted for publication should be double-spaced with endnotes. Authors are encouraged to include a PC diskette with the submission. For additional information on requirements, contact the managing editor. Articles and book reviews represent the views of the authors and are not necessarily those of the Utah State Historical Society.

Periodicals postage is paid at Salt Lake City, Utah.

POSTMASTER: Send address change to *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 300 Rio Grande, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101.

The Utah State Historical Society was organized in 1897 by public-spirited Utahns to collect, preserve, and publish Utah and related history. Today, under state sponsorship, the Society fulfills its obligations by publishing the *Utah Historical Quarterly* and other historical materials; collecting historic Utah artifacts; locating, documenting, and preserving historic and prehistoric buildings and sites; and maintaining a specialized research library. Donations and gifts to the Society's programs, museum, or its library are encouraged, for only through such means can it live up to its responsibility of preserving the record of Utah's past.

This publication has been funded with the assistance of a matching grant-in-aid from the National Park Service, under provisions of the National Historic Preservation Act of 1966 as amended.

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SHIPLER COLLECTION, UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Studies in Utah Folklore

By GUEST EDITORS DEIRDRE PAULSEN, POLLY STEWART, COLLEEN WHITLEY

The connections between folklore and history in Utah scholarship are cordial and deep; this will be the sixth time the *Utah Historical Quarterly* has hosted a special folklore issue. The five previous issues include Summer 1961 on the folklore of Utah's Dixie, with Juanita Brooks as guest editor; Fall 1976 on Mormon folklore, with William A. Wilson as guest editor; Winter 1984 on Utah ethnic folklore, with Margaret K. Brady as guest editor; Winter 1986 on Utah vernacular folklore, with Peter L. Goss as guest editor; and Fall 1988 on material culture, with Thomas Carter as guest editor.

Beyond hosting special issues on folklore, the *Utah Historical Quarterly* has published significant studies by folklorists. Austin Fife, a Fellow of the Utah Historical Society, contributed "Folklore and Local History" in the Fall 1963 issue, and a decade later William A. Wilson contributed "Folklore and History: Fact Amid the Legends" for the Winter 1973 issue. Conversely, over the years many Utah historians have shown strong support for folklore, including not only Juanita Brooks, editor of the *Quarterly*'s first special issue on folklore, but also Everett Cooley, Jay Haymond, Claire Noall, Philip

Notarianni, Helen Papanikolas, Charles Peterson, and Melvin Smith. And for a number of years the Utah State Historical Society held its annual meetings jointly with the Folklore Society of Utah.

The five articles in this issue are informed by three major theoretical positions about folklore: first, relations between the writing of folklore and the writing of history; second, ethnographic theory and practice; and third, the classical organization of types of folk expression. The first and third of these are quite venerable, but the second is relatively new.

Folklore has its own disciplinary practice, but because the subject matter of the discipline parallels that of other disciplines, folklore inevitably looks at (or through) history, art, architecture, music, literature, anthropology, psychology, sociology, and philosophy. Both history and folklore look at the past and try to put it in perspective, yet—not unlike siblings—the two disciplines take different approaches. Historians use documentary sources and living-memory accounts, trying always to read these sources critically in a search for objective truth, rejecting where necessary accounts that do not support that aim. Folklorists are, by and large, less concerned about establishing historical truth and more concerned about artistic expression—concerned, that is, with what their informants find worth remembering and recounting over and over. When folklorists publish their findings, it is not necessarily or primarily to support historical truth claims but to offer analyses of traditional expressions about a historical matter that reflect a variety of individual and group responses to the event. In combination, the fruits of the two disciplines enrich both disciplines. William A. Wilson, in his article, "The Folklore of Dixie–Past and Present," the lead essay in this special issue, discusses the collaborative initiative of folklorists and historians. There is synergy and methodological overlap between folklorists and historians. While folklorists, like the scholars in their sister discipline, anthropology, are inclined to privilege participant-observation and field-collected materials over the study of documents as a source for primary knowledge, they are no more likely to spurn paper documents or historical artifacts than are modern historians to eschew taped interviews as a component of oral-history documentation.

Recent developments in ethnographic theory point up one area in which folklorists and historians may differ markedly: the ongoing scholarly discussion about objectivity. In the past two decades virtually all ethnographic researchers, including folklorists, have become "reflexive"—inclined toward subjectivity (principled and theorized, but undisguised)—in their response to their material. The movement toward *reflexive ethnography*, as this approach

OPPOSITE: Pace's ranch, Castle Valley.

ON THE COVER: Mrs. Howell, story teller, August 16, 1943. SHIPLER COLLECTION, UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

is called, was prompted by the publication of two groundbreaking works of theory—the first in 1986 a joint effort by James Clifford and George Marcus, who edited *Writing Culture: The Poetics and Politics of Ethnography* and the second a solo work by James Clifford in 1988 *The Predicament of Culture: Twentieth-Century Ethnography, Literature, and Art.* No ethnographic writer today remains unaffected by reflexive-ethnography theory. It has become the coin of the realm, and today most folklorists unhesitatingly include themselves in any ethnographic picture they paint, enriching the scene by providing multiple perspectives. Some ethnographic work is represented as an almost entirely personal odyssey of discovery, as may be seen in Mark Thomas's essay on Salt Lake Valley orchards, but to one degree or another almost all the pieces in the special issue show the influence of reflexive ethnography.

With respect to the organization of folklore according to type, scholars in the discipline have long recognized the convenience of making a broad categorization, in an otherwise hopelessly unruly field, of folk expression according to its form, classically what people *say*, what they *make*, and what they *do*—or, to use noun phrases instead of verbs, *oral* (or *verbal*) folklore, *material* folklore, and *customary* folklore. Our colleague William A. Wilson, in his lead article here, eloquently expounds on the classical tripartite formulation *verbal*, *material*, and *customary*, in his story of the folklore of Dixie.

Despite certain obvious problems of logical overlap, the analysis of folklore into *oral*, *material* and *customary* is standard, and we have arranged our essays in that spirit. Following a generous overview from Professor Wilson that provides both theory and examples, we offer two pieces exemplifying *oral* folklore, one by Polly Stewart using oral history to look at the folk music revival in Utah during the 1960s, and the other a personal experience narrative by Mark Thomas, "Grafts from a Lost Orchard"; we then move to *material* folklore, as represented by a photo essay on Navajo and Ute basketmaking traditions by Carol Edison; and finally to *customary* folklore, specifically ethnic customs in Carbon County, in an essay by David Stanley.

We honor the past collaborations of folklorists and historians within the Utah State Historical Society and are grateful for the opportunity to continue in that tradition.

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The Folklore of Dixie — Past and Present

By WILIAM A. WILSON

It is a privilege to be here this evening and to deliver a lecture in honor of that great historian and great human being, Juanita Brooks. I met Juanita the first time at a folk culture conference held at Utah State University in July of 1968. At the conference, she gave a paper entitled "Mariah Huntsman Leavitt: Midwife of the Desert Frontier," and spoke of midwives practicing in remote southern Utah settlements and in the lower Virgin valley in Nevada. As she talked of tending newborn babies in her own home, she recounted some of the folk beliefs she had learned from her English and Swiss grandmothers and from neighbors: "Do not tickle a baby or make him laugh too much. This will cause him to grow old. It will make his teething harder, and is just bad luck all around. Do not toss him about or hold him with his head down. You will turn over his liver so that it cannot function. Do not feed the mother rabbit meat while she is nursing the child, or he will be prone to run away, and perhaps later to even leave home."[1]

As Juanita recited these beliefs, some of the sophisticates in the audience snickered at the

Dancers in St. George during the Pioneer Centennial Celebration, 1947.

William A. Wilson is Humanities Professor Emeritus of Folklore and Literature at Brigham Young University. This article is adapted from the Juanita Brooks Twenty-second Annual Lecture, Dixie College March 2, 2005.

[1] Juanita Brooks, "Mariah Huntsman Leavitt: Midwife of the Desert Frontier," in *Forms upon the Frontier: Folklife and Folk Arts in the United States*, eds. Austin and Alta Fife and Henry Glassie (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1969), 120.

thought of people naive enough to practice such foolishness. Juanita did not laugh. In fact, as she read further into her paper, she struggled to keep back tears as she returned in memory to her own youth and to the time in the remote Dixie settlements when travel was by horse and wagon over rough roads, when most babies were delivered by neighborhood midwives, and when in times of medical need of any kind the settlers had to rely on traditional remedies passed down from generation to generation by their forebears. As I listened to Juanita's quavering voice and perceived the depth of her feelings as she remembered the trials of her Dixie ancestors, I recognized what I had always known but had never so fully comprehended–that items of folklore are not just pleasant bits of local color useful primarily to while away our idle moments but are instead human responses to our deeply felt human needs crucial to our understanding of our fellow beings.

Folk medicinal practices were certainly not the only forms of folklore employed by the Dixie settlers. Unfortunately there were no folklorists around during Dixie's pioneer years, so most of its lore remained uncollected and has to be abstracted from diaries like that of Charles Lowell Walker, from personal memoirs like Juanita Brooks's *Quicksand and Cactus: A Memoir of the Southern Utah Mormon Frontier*, from collections assembled by the *U.S. Works Progress Administration (WPA) Federal Writers' Project and Historical Records Survey,* and from literary works like Maurine Whipple's monumental *The Giant Joshua*, which incorporates into the novel's plot a rich store of Dixie traditions.

These traditions, like traditions elsewhere, fall into three broad categories: first, *verbal lore*, things people make with words (from rhymes like the one recited by St. George children–"Oh, Lord of love, come down from above, and pity us poor scholars; We hired a fool to teach our school, and paid him forty dollars"[2] — to songs and stories of courageous grandparents struggling to establish themselves among the harsh red hills of Dixie, to contemporary accounts of God's providential hand guiding "the affairs of the saints," to humorous tales that caricature Mormon foibles and ease the pressures of "being in the world but not of it"); second, *material lore*, things people make with their hands (from traditional objects like Mormon hay derricks, horse hair hackamores, and rip-gut fences to homemade "quiet books" designed to keep small children constructively occupied in church, to home preserves and special holiday foods, to decorative scrap books, to temple quilts given young couples on their marriages); and, third, *customary lore*, things people make with their actions (from pioneer dances to "creative dating" practices of contemporary youth, from quilting bees to special family celebrations of birth and baptismal dates, to family genealogical meetings, to church and community celebrations of traditional holidays such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Pioneer Day).

[2] A.K. Hafen, *Dixie Folklore and Pioneer Memoirs* (St. George: privately printed, 1961), 14.

To understand any group of people, from Dixie or anywhere else, we neglect their folklore at our peril. All people tell stories about events that interest them most, create objects that serve useful functions or appeal to their sense of beauty, and participate in customary practices that are most important to them. Before illustrating this thesis with examples of Dixie folklore, experience tells me I must make a few comments about the nature of folklore in general.[3]

First, folklore does not equal falsehood. The stories circulating among us can be absolutely true or absolutely false or somewhere in between. You have probably all heard the statement, "Oh, that story is just folklore," suggesting that it is not true. From the huge body of different forms of folklore, such a statement relates only to what we call a legend–that is, to a story that is believed by the teller and many of his or her listeners to be true. No one ever talks about a joke, or a quilt, or a traditional way of conducting family prayer as true or false. But a legend is a different creature. Consider the following legend recounted by Juanita Brooks when she was talking about church meetings in her Bunkerville ward:

> There was one time when a weary brother had slept through all the first talk, and in the lull before the second, was nudged by a youngster who whispered, "Bishop just called on you to dismiss!" With a snort he stood up, pulled down his vest to collect his wits, walked up the aisle, called upon the audience to arise, and closed the meeting in the middle. The Bishop, a broad grin on his face, made no move to interrupt, and surprised boys whooped as they jumped in flying leaps from the top step.[4]

Then consider this story:

> A man came to church in one of the wards in Cedar City, and the bishop asked him if he would say the closing prayer. During the course of the meeting (which was fast and testimony meeting), the man fell asleep and began to snore. His friend who was sitting by him, gave him a nudge so he would wake up. He assumed he had been nudged because it was time for the closing prayer, so he walked up and said the prayer. The meeting was very short that day.[5]

Did the tellers of this story lie? Of course not. What we are dealing with is a migratory legend that travels from place to place throughout the church, is attached to different wards, and is adapted to fit local circumstances. Could it be true? Of course. Many legends spring from historical circumstances before they begin their journey through time and space. It could have happened, but certainly not in all the places where it has been reported. We call such stories folklore because they are passed from person

[3] For a few examples of other folk traditions in Utah see Helen Z. Papanikolas, "Magerou: The Greek Midwife," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 38 (Winter 1970): 50-60; Helen Z. Papanikolas, "Wrestling with Death: Greek Immigrant Funeral Customs in Utah," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 52 (Winter 1984): 29-49; Elaine M. Bapis, "In the Hands of Women: Home Atlas Tradition in Utah's Greek Orthodox Homes," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 65 (Fall 1997): 312-34.

[4] Juanita Brooks, *Quicksand and Cactus: A Memoir of the Southern Mormon Frontier* (Salt Lake City and Chicago: Howe Brothers Publishers, 1982), 141.

[5] Collected by Colleen Thorley, 1978, William A. Wilson Folklore Archives, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University [hereafter referred to as WAWFA], No.3.2.3.5.4.2.

to person and place to place by the spoken word rather than by the written page or formal instruction. The same is true of material objects and customary practices, which we learn by observation and imitation. A young girl watches her mother piece a quilt and eventually under the mother's tutelage creates her own quilt, or a young boy watches older boys on the school grounds play marbles and soon learns to play his own game. As soon as people lose interest in a story or in making a certain object or in participating in a customary practice, these will cease to exist. Thus folklore serves as an excellent barometer of what is important to a particular group at a particular time and can help us gauge shifting attitudes and values.

From a historical perspective, these attitudes and values are as much facts as are the details of what happened at a particular time and place. They are what influence our behavior. Similarly, people are motivated not so much by what actually happened in the past as by what they believe happened. And these beliefs grow out of and are maintained by the folk narratives circulating among them. Thus, historians and folklorists, working together, can give us a much richer view of the past than we can obtain by looking at the past from only one perspective.[6]

Second, folklore is not something that belongs to someone else. It belongs to all of us. If you want to know who the folk are (the people who transmit the lore), go home and look in the mirror. Most of us are storytellers. We talk about our jobs, our hobbies, our successes and failures, our courtships and marriages, our children, and our religious beliefs and experiences. We do so because in order to communicate effectively to others what is in our hearts and minds, we must make the abstract concrete–we must transform experience and belief into narrative. Similarly, from the time we get up in the morning until we go to bed at night, most of us participate in many of our activities in customary ways.

Third, folklore is not disappearing. During the first part of the twentieth century, folklorists believed that folklore consisted primarily of relics from an earlier stage of cultural development surviving to the present among the simpler and mostly uneducated country folk. As those keeping the lore alive gained more education, so it was believed, they would give up their childish practices and beliefs, and folklore would disappear. Thus the author of a WPA survey of Dixie folklore concluded his study by stating: "Folklore has not yet died out of Dixie, but it is rapidly and very properly giving way to the more accurate, more sophisticated learning to be found in books."[7]

Folklore has not disappeared. There is as much lore around as there ever was. We understand today that folklore continues to come into being the way it always has–by individuals responding creatively to the circumstances

[6] For more on the subject see William A. Wilson, "Folklore and History: Fact amid the Legends," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 41 (Winter 1973): 40-58.

[7] "Folklore in Dixie," Library of Congress, Manuscript Division, WPA Federal Writers' Project Collection, 9.

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St. George, ca. 1940.

of their lives and by generating in the process a body of lore that reflects their view of the world and helps them cope with that world. As circumstances change, some lore will disappear, but new lore will take its place. Once again, the study of these stories and other forms of folklore is a crucially important pursuit leading to a better understanding of what is going on in our culture at any given time and of forces within the culture that move us to action.

The force that moved the first Dixie settlers to action was the call to leave their homes in the Salt Lake Valley and establish the Dixie (Cotton) mission. Such a call was more dreaded than hoped for and stands in stark contrast to reasons for migrating to Dixie in recent years. Families began moving to communities in Washington County in the mid 1850s and into St. George in 1861. After struggling to establish themselves in the Salt Lake Valley after their arrival there, the pioneers did not willingly pull up stakes and head south. For example, after receiving his call, Charles Walker wrote in his diary: "Well here I have worked for the last 7 years thro heat and cold, hunger and adverse circumstances, and at last have got me a home, a Lot with fruit trees just beginning to bear and look pretty. Well I must leave it and go and do the will of My Father in Heaven."[8] Of the day he left Salt Lake City, he wrote: "This was the hardest trial I ever had and had it not been for the gospel and those that were placed over me I should [have] never moved a foot to go on such a trip."[9] Twenty-six days later, on his

[8] A. Karl Larson and Katharine Miles Larson, eds., *Diary of Charles Lowell Walker*, 2 vols., (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1980), I:239.

[9] Ibid., I:240.

arrival in St. George on December 9, 1862, he wrote: "St. George is a barren looking place....[The land is a] dry, parched, barren waste with here and there a green spot on the margin of the streams. Very windy, dusty, blowing nearly all the time. The water is not good and far from being palatable. And this is the country we have to live in and make blossom as the Rose."[10]

Such sentiments were captured in a song, "Once I lived in Cottonwood" composed by George Hicks and sung still today:

Once I lived in Cottonwood and owned a little farm.
When I was called to Dixie it did me much alarm.
To hoe the cane and cotton I right away must go.
The reason why they called on me, I'm sure I do not know.

I yoked up Jim and Bally, all for to make a start;
To leave my house and garden, it almost broke my heart,
To leave my house and garden and all my friends behind,
For the rocks and sand of Dixie kept rolling through my mind.

When I reached the Black Ridge my wagon it broke down,
I could get no one to mend it, for I was twenty miles from town.
I cut a clumsy cedar and made an awkward slide.
My wagon was so heavy that Betsy couldn't ride.

So while Betsy was a-walking I told her to take care;
When all upon a sudden she struck a prickly pear,
Which made her whoop and holler as loud as she could bawl,
Saying "If I was back on Cottonwood I wouldn't come at all.

The hot winds blow around me and take away my breath;
I've had the chills and fever till I'm nearly shook to death.
They'll hand out prophetic sermons and prove them by "the Book,"
But I'd rather have some roasting ears to stay at home and cook.

My wagon went for sorghum seed to make a little bread.
Poor old Jim and Bally have long ago been dead.
Now there's no one but me and Betsy left to hoe the cotton tree.
And may heaven protect the Dixieites wherever they may be.[11]

The same feelings are also caught in some of the legends, as in the following story:

A bishop was on his way back to Salt Lake. . . . He was camped somewhere near Provo or Springville. During the night his animals got loose and got into the garden of a good brother in the Springville area, and the good brother was really incensed the next morning–irate that better care hadn't been taken of securing these animals. And he let the good bishop know in no uncertain terms of his displeasure. Well, the good bishop listened patiently, and when it was over, identified himself and said, "I'm Bishop so-and-so from Dixie, and I'm on my way to Salt Lake to take care of some business and I'm going to request of Brigham [Young] some reinforcements, and I'm going to ask him to have you called to come to Dixie." The man said, "Please, don't do that. I'm sorry I lost my temper. Here have a couple of bushels of vegetables, your animals are...welcome to stay. Please stop on your way home, but please don't ask that I be sent to Dixie."[12]

[10] Ibid., I:241.

[11] Col. and ed., Lester A. Hubbard, "Once I Lived in Cottonwood," in *Ballads and Songs from Utah*, (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1961), 429-30.

[12] Kevin Briggs, "Folklore of the St. George Area," 1980, WAWFA, Collection No. 482, 1.

For many decades the Dixie mission retained much of its frontier character. But in time its inhabitants, toughened by the harshness of their environment, grew to love the land and their gritty brothers and sisters who lived on it. Not many years after he mourned changing his more comfortable Salt Lake home for one in the red hills of St. George, that indefatigable diarist, Charles Walker, penned the lines of a much acclaimed song that has persisted in oral tradition to the present: "St. George and the Drag-on":

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Juanita Brooks.

Oh what a desert place was this
When first the Mormons found it.
They said no white men here could live
And Indians prowl'd around it.
T'was said the land it was no good.
And the water was no gooder,
And the bare Idea of living here
Was enough to make one shudder.

Chorus: Muskeet, soap root,
Prickly pears, and briars.
St. George ere long will be a place
That everyone admires.

Now green Lucern in verdant spots,
Bedecks our thriving City.
Whilst vines and fruit trees grace our lots
And floweretts sweet and pretty,
Where once the grass in single blades
Grew a mile apart in distance.
And it kept the crickets on the go
To pick up their subsistence.

Chorus:

The Sun it is so scorching hot
It makes the water siz, sir
And the reason why it is so hot,
'Tis just because it is, sir.
The wind like fury here does blow
That when we plant or sow, sir,
We place one foot upon the seed
And hold it till it grows, sir.

Chorus:[13]

[13] Larson and Larson, *Walker,* I:369-70.

Perhaps the best metaphor for the Dixie-ites' accommodation with the land is the story of the Sego Lily. Known throughout Washington County and still told in church meetings, seminary, and family gatherings, the story has been converted to rhymed couplets by Mabel Jarvis:

So sunbaked, barren bleak, and full of tears
The country seemed. So endless stretched the years:
One Pioneer woman, weeping, said that not
One single sign of art, one lovely spot,
One evidence of beauty could she see.
And when her husband begged to disagree,
She bade him bring one gift of loveliness,
One tiny flower to pin upon her dress,
And she would praise his country in her song,
Cease weeping, and be glad the whole day long.

Day after day, as from his toil returning,
With shouldered shovel, he was searching, yearning
For that small floral gift that should bring peace
Into his home, and bitter tears would cease.

At length his patient seeking found reward,
No lovelier diadem can earth afford
Than those sweet Sego Lilies which he brought,
Whose brown eyes in their lavender chalice sought
The face of her who said no art was found
In all these many, many miles around.
She clasped them to her heart and blest the hand
Of him with whom she came to Dixieland.[14]

Though the tough and resilient settlers of Dixie, like the young girl in "The Legend of the Sego Lilies," came eventually to love their new homes, life was still difficult. On his visits to the Dixie mission, Brigham Young "urged the Mothers of Israel to teach their daughters to wash, starch, iron, bake, cook, and to make their own adornments and to teach them industry and economy, and qualify them for future usefulness."[15] Isolated from any close-by population centers and living in remote villages, the settlers had few other choices–they had to rely on their own devices, on their material and customary folklore in order to survive. They had to make their own soap, their own houses and furniture; they had to learn to card, to spin, to dye yarn, to weave, to knit, to make rag carpets, to make hats for both men and women from straw, to make clothing and prepare food. In a wonderful description of how she learned to spin and to knit, Eleanor Cannon

[14] Austin and Alta Fife, *Saints of Sage and Saddle: Folklore Among the Mormons* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1956), 78-79.

[15] Cited in Larson and Larson, *Walker,* I:423.

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Mail arrives at the St. George post office, ca. 1910.

Woodbury Jarvis also demonstrated the process by which folklore is passed from one generation to the next. She said:

> After arriving at our destination, we encamped on the "Old Camp Ground" where the people lived while waiting for the city of St. George to be surveyed. Mother got her spinning wheel out, telling me she wanted me to learn to spin. I was only seven and not tall enough to reach the wheel, so she fixed a box or board as a small platform for me to walk on, and would give me a few rolls, perhaps half a dozen, to spin every day, and then I could play. She also taught me to knit, and I knit myself some garters, and after I had learned to fashion a stocking, I took delight in knitting stockings for my doll in my spare time.[16]

Time will not allow a description of the many pioneer skills employed in the early days of Dixie. A description of candle making will have to stand for all the rest:

> Candles had to be made to supply light, as coal oil was not then known, at least in the frontier settlements. Every family considered it a part of household equipment to have a set of candle-molds....The candlewick was cut in the required lengths and after being doubled and twisted slightly, it was dropped through the mold, which tapered to a small hole at the bottom. A round stick was slipped through the row of loops at the top, and the other ends drawn tight at the small hole, then tied in a knot. After the mold was filled with wicks, melted tallow was poured in the top until it was full. After cooling, the knots at the bottom were cut off, and the candles drawn out by means of the loops over the sticks.

After the work was completed, the candle maker would store the candles "away with a feeling of satisfaction that her source of light for the next few

[16] Eleanor Cannon Woodbury Jarvis, "The Home as Manufactory," Library of Congress, Manuscript Division, WPA Writers' Project Collection, 1.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Rowland Rider roping a calf at a rodeo in Kanab in 1912.

months was secure."[17] In the summer the tallow candles would often melt because of the intense heat, "so a bit of rag tied around a button in a dish of grease was used for lighting."[18]

But life was not all drudgery. The Dixie pioneers knew how to turn work into play. They would gather in homes and hold peach cuttings, carpet-rag bees, wool-picking bees, quilting bees, and spinning contests. At the end of those home gatherings, said Mrs. Jarvis, "refreshments were served and games were played. Molasses candy pullings were also frequently enjoyed."[19] Describing peach cuttings, an author in the WPA Federal Writers Project, wrote:

> [For a peach cutting,] men made scaffolds for drying the peaches at certain propitious places about the town. A crowd of young people [would gather] at one of the scaffolds to set out peaches, until an entire crop of peaches had been pitted and set out to dry. Various races were run to see who could cut and set out the most peaches in a given time, and, as often as not, the winner of such a race was permitted to kiss all the young ladies present.[20]

For both young and old, the favorite recreation seems to have been dancing. Occasions for dancing occurred throughout the year. Just a few days after arriving in St. George in December of 1861, the first company of settlers held a Christmas dance and social, the older folks dancing inside the tent and the younger people outside in space cleared around the tent. The first homes of the settlers were often just dugouts and willow structures plastered with mud. Their first meeting place was a bowery, and that was also their first dancing place. As the settlers constructed more substantial

[17] Ibid., 3.

[18] Zaidee Walker Miles, "Pioneer Women of Dixie," Library of Congress Manuscript Division, WPA Writers' Project Collection, 2.

[19] Eleanor Woodbury Jarvis, 4.

[20] "Folklore in Dixie," 4.

buildings, dances were held in church buildings, schools, the social hall, and private homes. There seems to have been an ample supply of fiddlers in the company playing traditional tunes to which the Dixie-ites danced the polka, the schottische, the quadrille, the Virginia Reel, Six Nations, the two-step, the snap waltz, the spat waltz, and the polygamy waltz, this last waltz designed for those men with more than one wife.[21] On January 12, 1877, Charles Walker married Sarah Smith, his second wife. On the twenty-seventh of that same month, he wrote in his diary, "At night took my wives to the dance. Enjoyed myself well."[22]

These dances, which sometimes lasted until well after midnight, must have been joyous occasions, a respite from the toil of everyday life. Describing a July 24th celebration he attended in Pine Valley, Walker wrote "We enjoyed ourselves the best kind in having 3 of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles preach to us besides singing, dancing, jumping, [and] romping."[23] Remembering these times, Jennie B. Miles recalled, "At the dances some were barefoot, some had cow-hide boots, or heavy shoes. A piece of tallow on the shelf was used to minister to stubbed toes or bruised feet so they could go on with the dance."[24] Those who had shoes would lend them temporarily to those who were barefoot. Sometimes during a dance a pair of shoes would pass from one pair of feet to another so many times that at the end of the dance the owner of the shoes could not find them. He would have to wait until the next day when he would find them in the window of the tithing office.[25]

Perhaps no forms of customary lore were more widely spread than the folk remedies with which the Dixie-ites treated their injuries and illnesses. Here are just a few: a poultice of pitch from a pine tree for blood poison, snake oil for rheumatism, the brains of a freshly-killed rabbit rubbed on the gums for a teething child, a teaspoon of mare's milk three times a day for whooping cough, bacon fat wrapped around the neck for a sore throat, flour and turpentine mixed together and spread on a wound for bleeding, salve made from molasses and sulphur for the itch.[26]

It is easy to laugh at such medicinal practices, as did some members of the audience at Juanita Brooks's USU lecture on midwives. But if our children get infection, we can take them to the doctor for a shot of penicillin, after first getting a strep test if they have sore throats; we can get them stitched up when they cut themselves or get their limbs mended when they fall and injure themselves; we can get them inoculated against whooping cough and other communicable diseases. The people living on

[21] "Folklore in Dixie," 3.
[22] Larson and Larson, *Walker*, I: 444.
[23] Ibid., I:248.
[24] In Hafen, *Dixie Folklore,* 32.
[25] "Folklore in Dixie," 2.
[26] Hafen, *Dixie Folklore,* 12; "Folklore in Dixie," 2-3.

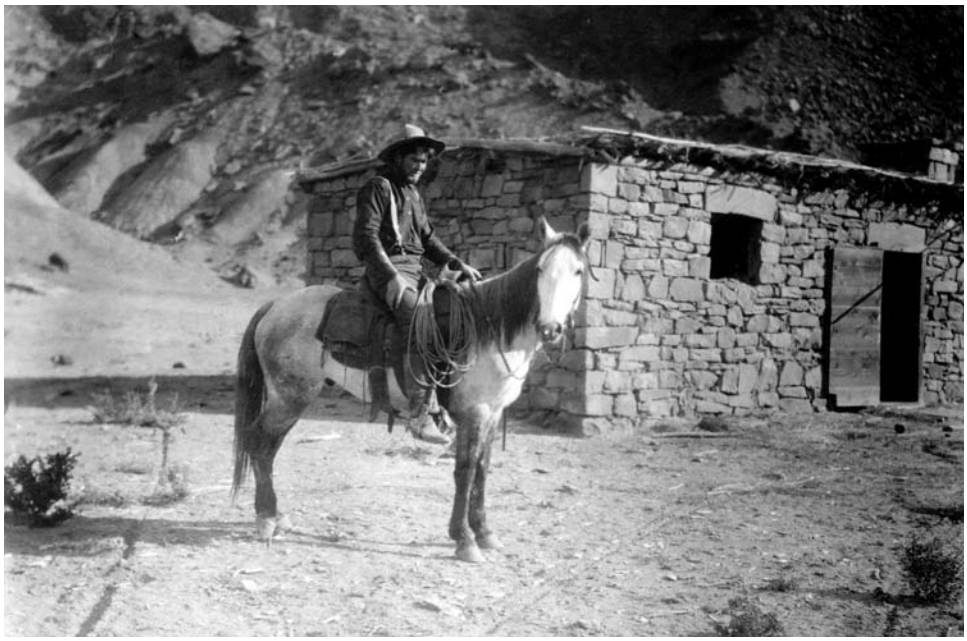

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

In the fall of 1909, Rowland Rider was in Lee's Ferry, Utah, working for the Bar Z cattle company.

the Dixie frontier had no such recourse. When we think of loving mothers and fathers struggling to keep themselves and their children alive and turning desperately to raditional remedies for help, our smiles turn to tears.

They did, of course, have access to a better source than folk remedies. They could, and did, turn to their Heavenly Father through prayer and through priesthood blessings, and the lore of the Dixie pioneers is full of stories of miraculous healings and of the Lord coming to the aid of individuals in distress. Some of the most interesting of these are stories of the Three Nephites, those new-world disciples of Christ granted the privilege of remaining on earth following the Savior's departure to help people in need and to bring them a knowledge of the gospel. Probably the best-known Nephite story in Washington County is the narrative of an old white-bearded man appearing to an individual who had discovered a rich source of gold near Enterprise. The unexpected visitor said, "The mine is an evil thing, and any attempt to develop it foreshadows only ruin for you and your boys." Shortly thereafter the old man disappeared. Following this warning, the prospector, who considered the mysterious stranger a Nephite, could no longer find the mine, though some have continued to look for it almost to the present day, and concluded that its loss was a good thing for him and his family.[27]

This story clearly supports Brigham Young's notion that his people

[27] Three Nephites Collection No. 1132, in the possession of William A. Wilson, Provo, Utah.

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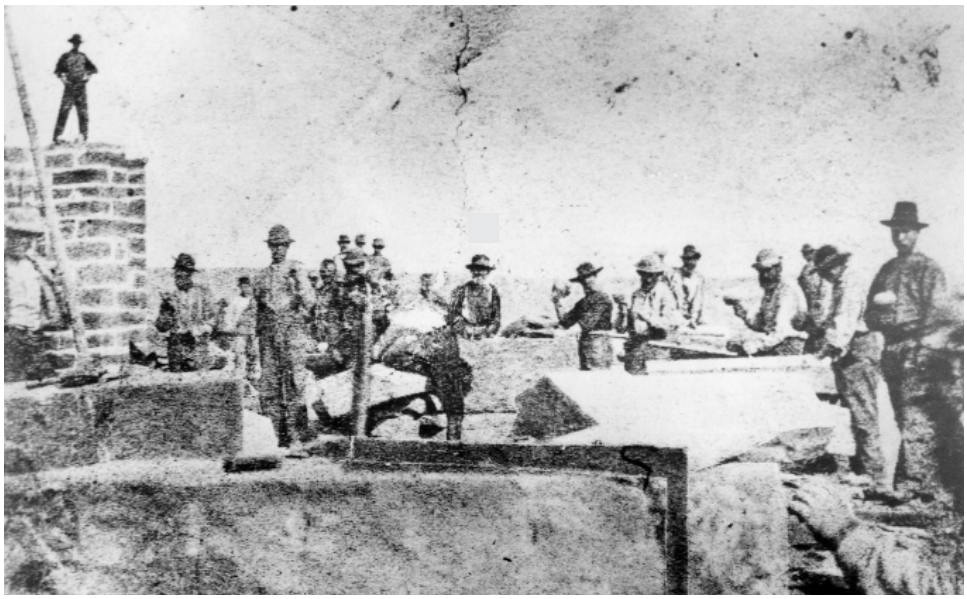
The St. George Stake Relief Society canning at the Brigham Jarvis home in the 1930s.

should avoid mining and the evils associated with it. But it differs from the bulk of the Dixie stories in which the helpful and kind Nephite visitors guide a man traveling from Pine Valley to St. George safely through a snow storm, heal the sick son of a woman in Rockville, answer questions a Pine Valley rancher had about the Book of Mormon, prepare Native Americans to hear the gospel, save the lives of people on the way to the St. George temple by leading them to water, revive a farm boy injured in an accident, help a farm girl herd her cows safely home from the rising waters of the Virgin River, and rescue a rancher lost in a blizzard on the Arizona Strip.[28]

In telling stories of the Three Nephites, the Dixie pioneers found comfort in the knowledge that help was available if they would only live righteously. More important, the stories helped persuade the people that God was aware of them, that he knew of their hardships and trials, and that he would not abandon the Dixie mission.

With no telephones, no radios, no television sets to distract them and no automobiles to carry them away, the settlers and their families gathered around the fireplace to tell and listen to a wide variety of stories. Just as we tell stories today of our pioneer ancestors to strengthen our faith and bolster our resolve to face difficulties courageously, the Dixie-ites told stories of events preceding the Saints' arrival in Salt Lake to shore up their faith and encourage them to meet the difficult challenges they faced every day. In a description of a July 24th celebration, Charles Walker wrote in his diary: "Brother [Erastus] Snow gave us an interesting narrative of the

[28] Ibid., Nos. 1019, 496, 81, 861, 1, 657, 783, 199.



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Early Mormon Pioneers built the St. George temple.

journeyings of the saints from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters and from there to G[reat] S[alt] L[ake]."[29] At such gatherings, they heard again the stirring tales of Clay County, of Haun's Mill, of Nauvoo, of Winter Quarters, of the trek west.

They also told stories of local events. For example, they talked about the building of the St. George temple, how no one had been killed during its construction, how one young worker had fallen more than thirty feet and had been able to return to work a few days later, how the workers had built a small steeple that Brigham Young hadn't liked but had let them keep anyway and that the steeple had been shattered by lightning shortly after President Young's death. The steeple was reconstructed to its present size and the workers believed that Brigham Young from the other side of the veil orchestrated the lightning strike so that once again he could have his way.[30]

The Dixie pioneers talked about dealings with the Indians, about the rowdy life of the gentiles at Silver Reef, about violence and robberies along the road as men freighted goods to and from Nevada. The following story is typical:

> A man from Pine Valley, returning from Caliente, was attacked by two men shortly after he started home. One of the men with a pistol in his hands ordered everything thrown out of the wagon. This done, the robber came near the wagon and stooped over to pick up the money that had been thrown out. In a flash the man in the wagon picked up his rifle and covered the two men. It was bitter cold, but the robbers were compelled to

[29] Larson and Larson, *Walker*, I:264.
[30] Briggs, "Folklore," 13.

PHOTO COURTESY OF EFFIE DEAN RICH

Rowland Rider, second from left, stands next to ex-President Theodore Roosevelt in 1909. An original print of this photograph hung for years in Jacob's Lake Lodge near Kanab until someone stole it. This print was obtained from a descendant of one of the other men in the picture.

> take off their coats, drop their pistols, and hold up their hands. The outlaws were told to beat it back to Caliente, and were told they could get their coats and belongings the next day at the police station in Panaca. No one ever called for the belongings.[31]

One of the best ways to capture the social context in which many of these stories occurred is to read Maurine Whipple's *The Giant Joshua*. She not only puts legends into the mouths of her characters; the actions these characters perform are themselves frequently based on legends. For example, Abijah's administering to an ox, Clory's hiding an Indian youngster in her skirts, Tutsegabett's putting his fat wife into the Virgin River to stop the flow of water, the Devil's appearing at the dedication of the St. George temple, a first wife's breaking a window pane over the head of her husband in bed with his second wife all have counterparts in oral tradition.[32]

One of the saving graces of the pioneers was their dry, frontier sense of humor:

> The story is told that a group of early citizens of Pine Valley were coming down to winter conference. When they arrived at Santa Clara, one old fellow drove his wagon onto too thin ice and went down, wagon and all, into the icy water. After a stunned

[31] Collected by Don Bryner, 1970, WAWFA No. 3.7.4.11.1.

[32] See William A. Wilson, "Folklore in the *Giant Joshua*," in *Proceedings of the Symposia of the Association for Mormon Letters, 1978-79*, (privately printed), 61.

> silence, one of his companions called out, "Brother, be ye cold?" "Well, I ain't a damned bit sweaty," was the reply.[33]

My favorite story is "The Roll Away Saloon," as told by Rowland Rider, who spent his youth as a cowboy on the Arizona Strip. Many of his fellow cowboys had trouble with the Word of Wisdom, which much dismayed their wives. The cowboys built a saloon right on the Utah/Arizona border, four miles south of Kanab and four miles north of Fredonia. Instead of putting the building on a foundation, they placed it on log rollers that went clear under the joist. In Rider's words,

> One day when the women in the Relief Society up to Kanab got together sewing and having a quilting bee, they decided among themselves that too many of their men were going down imbibing at this Roll Away Saloon. So they organized a posse to go and burn the thing down. And their plans were all kept a secret from their husbands, of course. So when the men all went out on the range or out in the fields,...the women saddled up their horses, a lot of them rode, and some of them took their white-tops, and they headed for this saloon.
>
> And sure enough, this saloon keeper saw the dust coming from these women on horseback and these four or five white-tops as they came over the rise. And he got the crowbar and rolled the saloon into Arizona. The women got down there and were all ready to light their torches; they had their bundles all ready, when the saloon keeper said, 'You can't touch this business; it's in Arizona. We don't belong to Utah at all. There's the line"....So they had a little confab, then said to the saloon keeper, "Well, if you sell our men any more liquor, we'll get you next time." So they went back home all disgusted that they couldn't go over into Arizona and wreck that place, and went back to their quilting.

You guessed it. Soon the good Mormon ladies quilting in Fredonia became upset over their men's carousing, and they rode off to destroy the saloon, but the saloon keeper saw them coming and rolled the saloon back into Utah. Said Rider: "And this went on for years." To testify to the veracity of his story, Rider insisted that one could still see "a few of those old rollers rotting over there.[34]

The rollers are probably gone by now, if they ever existed, and so is the way of life that I have been depicting here. Up to the middle of the twentieth century, the people who settled Dixie were a pretty cohesive social group, the kind in which folklore thrives. The population of Washington County in 1960 was 10, 271, most of the people descendants of the original pioneers. In 2004, the population was estimated at 117, 316. From 1990 to 2000, the population of St. George grew by 21,161 people, a 74.2 percentage increase. Hurricane's population during the same ten-year period increased by 110.7 percent and Washington's by 95 percent. The large families of eight to fifteen children who with their parents once gathered around the fireplace to mend clothing and equipment, play games, sing

[33] "Folklore in Dixie," 9.

[34] Rowland Rider, "The Roll Away Saloon," in *Roll Away Saloon: Cowboy Tales of the Arizona Strip*, ed. Deirdre Murray Paulsen (Logan: Utah State University Press,1985), 3-4.

songs, and tell stories have been replaced by families with an average size of 2.97 people.

In these changed circumstances, what does it mean to be a Dixie-ite today? Some of the old lore hangs on mostly among descendants of the original settlers. Some time ago I collected the following story from the man who sold me a car and whose great grandfather was one of those settlers:

> [My great grandfather who freighted gold and ore] tells the story that he left Pioche, Nevada, one time with a load of gold bullion, and he got as far as the state line somewhere in the area of Modena, Utah. His wife who could ride horses just like no one's business–she heard in the saloon that they were going to be robbed somewhere in that area. So she overtook him and had him pull off the road in the thick cedars and bury the gold. And then they took sagebrush and brushed their tracks out and came back onto the road. And when they got down the road a little further they were held up and robbed, but they didn't have any gold. So they went on into Modena and then went back after the robbers had left and everything was quiet, and they couldn't find the gold. They had buried it so good they couldn't find it themselves. To this day, from what my father tells me, they never did find it. Other [members of the family] looked for it later. In fact I have a brother–he wants to get a rig together and go out–he thinks he knows really quite–he's got it pinpointed real good. But it's never been found to this day.[35]

Other stories and practices still persist but are adapted now to the modern world. One of the Three Nephites who earlier helped stranded drivers of ox carts and horses and wagons, now stops his own car to assist a woman driving to St. George whose vehicle has broken down. He takes her into town to get a tow truck and then disappears.[36] Some people still employ water witches, or dowsers, to find underground water, but they also use scientific methods. Some medicinal practices are still followed. A BYU student from this area told her roommates to mix powdered cinnamon with water, and then to put this mix on a cut to stop the bleeding, and to heal the wound without a scar.[37] And a young man from Hurricane said he learned from his science and biology teacher how to heal a cold. He said, "To cure the common cold you must remove the viruses through the pores of your skin. Therefore, go down to the hot springs near the Virgin River. First get into the steaming hot water for at least twenty minutes, then jump into the freezing cold river. Stay in there as long as you can stand it and repeat several times. Your cold will be gone when you wake up the next morning."[38]

Such items connect us to the past. What we must do if we want to understand the lore of St. George today–and more important, to understand the people who possess the lore and the use they make of it—is to ask ourselves what kinds of cohesive groups have formed in this rapidly

[35] Collected by William A. Wilson, May 15, 1979, tape in Wilson's possession Provo, Utah.
[36] Three Nephites Collection, No. 42.
[37] Kathleen Parrish, "Natural Health and Beauty Remedies," 1999, WAWFA, Collection No. 2115, 19.
[38] Collected by Kerry D. Edwards, 1989, WAWFA, No.1.3.7.32.2

growing modern county. Who are the people who have moved here and where have they come from? What traditions have they brought with them? What do they think of the original Dixie-ites who still live here? Present-day residents of Dixie are probably formed into groups by the churches they attend. The Mormon church, at least, is awash with stories. Members talk constantly of missions, of conversions, of God's interventions in individual lives, of admiration for and sometimes frustrations with church authorities, of acts of sacrifice and kindness performed by charitable church members, of the perils of living along the Santa Clara and Virgin Rivers, of the day-to-day delights and sorrows of church membership. As soon as these stories become patterned and begin functioning in significant ways in the lives of those who tell and listen to them, they become folklore. What other smaller groups, like quilters or golfers, have come into being? What are the occupational groups that have replaced a once dominant farming and ranching culture? What other religious groups compete with the once dominant Mormon culture? What traditions have been developed within these groups? Over five percent of the population is Hispanic. What are their traditions? I would like to inspire some of you to use your leisure time to answer these questions by talking to your friends and neighbors and tape recording their stories and photographing their customary practices and material lore.

The best place to start always is with your own families. What are the Thanksgiving and Christmas traditions followed in your families? What are the arts and crafts practiced in your homes? Who are your ancestors and what stories do you want your children and grandchildren to know about them? Some years ago one of my students, Marjorie Bundy, for her folklore-collecting project gathered stories told by family members at their annual reunion in Mt. Trumbull on the Arizona Strip. She submitted forty stories to our archive but wasn't satisfied with what she had achieved, so she took another class from me and collected forty-seven more. What warm, delightful stories these are, what a treasure for her family—stories sometimes funny, sometimes spiritual, sometimes frightening. In the paper's introduction, Marjorie wrote:

> The 4th of July is my favorite holiday because of the Bundy Reunion. It is great to get together with my cousins, not only my first but also down to my fourth cousins. The best time of all is when all the activities are done for the day, and the close relatives gather around our campfire to roast marshmallows and tell stories about life on the Arizona "Strip." These stories help me to better understand my family and myself.

She added,

> This paper is very important to me because these stories are part of me. The lives my grandparents, uncles, and aunts lived helped to make them the hardworking, fun-loving people they are today. The good qualities they have gained from their hard life on the Arizona 'Strip' have inspired me and have helped to mold my character.[39]

[39] Marjorie Bundy, "Stories Told Around the Campfire at the Bundy Reunion," 1984, WAWFA, Collection No. 15, iii, iv.

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St. George Main Street, ca. 1920.

Another student, Carla Stucki, focused on the Easter egg traditions of her Swiss family from Santa Clara. In a wonderful series of slides Carla documented how three generations of the family worked together gathering plants and flowers and used them to decorate and color their eggs. When they were all through, they then took these beautiful eggs and had a contest mashing them together to see who could break whose eggs.[40] This custom carries echoes from the past. In her memoir, Juanita Brooks explained how on a school picnic: "The boys had a game with their eggs, cracking them together,... 'Playing Bust' they called it."[41]

If you have not recorded traditions like these from your own family, now is the time to start. Then you can move beyond your families and begin working on the questions I asked above. I want to end now with an example of lore that ties both Dixie's past and present together–the lore of floods on the Virgin and Santa Clara Rivers, which from the beginning plagued the Dixie-ites. On September 3, 1885, Charles Walker wrote in his journal: "Since I last wrote we have had some very heavy showers, causing floods to do much damage to our Dams, ditches, crops, etc."[42] Stories like the following were far too numerous. Mary Jolley of Washington tells A. K. Hafen of their home near the dam and canal on the Virgin River:

> One night as a flood came down the river, she helped her father pile sand bags against the dam in an effort to save the home. The home, except the large rock chimney, was swept away, and the family spent the night, wrapped in quilts, leaning against a rock, listening to the loud roar of the flood all night.[43]

[40] Slides in the possession of William A. Wilson, Provo, Utah.
[41] Brooks, *Quicksand and Cactus*, 8.
[42] Larson and Larson, *Walker*, I:655.
[43] Hafen, *Dixie Folklore,* 36.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Rowland Rider, 1914, as he appeared in the yearbook for the Agricultural School of Utah in Logan.

One of the pioneers' ways of dealing with such tragedy was through humor. One of the characters in *The Giant Joshua* said to Erastus Snow after a punishing storm: "I vum, Brother Snow, when you was askin' the Lord for rain, why didn't you tell him how much."[44] In 1982, I heard church historian Leonard Arrington give an excellent talk in which he described conditions in arid southern Utah, where the little rain that does fall often comes down in cloud bursting torrents that wash away crops, irrigation systems, and homes. To illustrate his point he told of a young lady from Dixie who offered a public prayer for rain. In her prayer, she implored the Lord not to send "a slip-slashing, gully-washing" storm but to bless them instead with "a nice, gentle, drizzle-drazzle, ground-soaking" rain. This story has a counterpart in Sanpete County where an old Danish convert not only prayed for gentle rain but bargained with the Lord in this manner:

> Now, Lord, we do vant you to send us rain. But ve vant it to be a yentle rain–a long, yentle rain. Ve do not vant a cloudburst dat vil bring a flood out of de canyon to put mud and boulders in our gardens and fields. And, Lord, ve do not vant a big hail storm like de vun you sent last year dat knocked all the heads off de hveat yost ven it was ripening. Ve want a nice, yentle rain. And, Lord, ve know dat if you vil tink of it, you vil see the reasonableness of vat ve ask, and how it vil be an advantage to bote us and to you. Because if we do not get the yentle rain dat vil safe de crops, neither vil you get your tithing.[45]

To appreciate this humor, we have to think our way out of our nice, comfortable twenty-first century surroundings, back to the days when there were no government or church welfare systems, no insurance; where the people had no one to depend upon but themselves and their neighbors; and where the possibility of starvation through loss of crops lurked always in the shadows. How did they bear up under such circumstances? They laughed so they wouldn't cry. Through the wonderful gift of humor they were able to mitigate the harshness of their reality and get up each day and rebuild their homes, their farms, and their lives.

I mentioned depending on neighbors for help. Consider this story from Dixie's early days:

[44] See Wilson, "Folklore in *The Giant Joshua*, 62.

[45] Collected by William A. Wilson from Woodruff Thompson, who grew up in Sanpete County, n.d., tape in possession of Wilson in Provo, Utah.

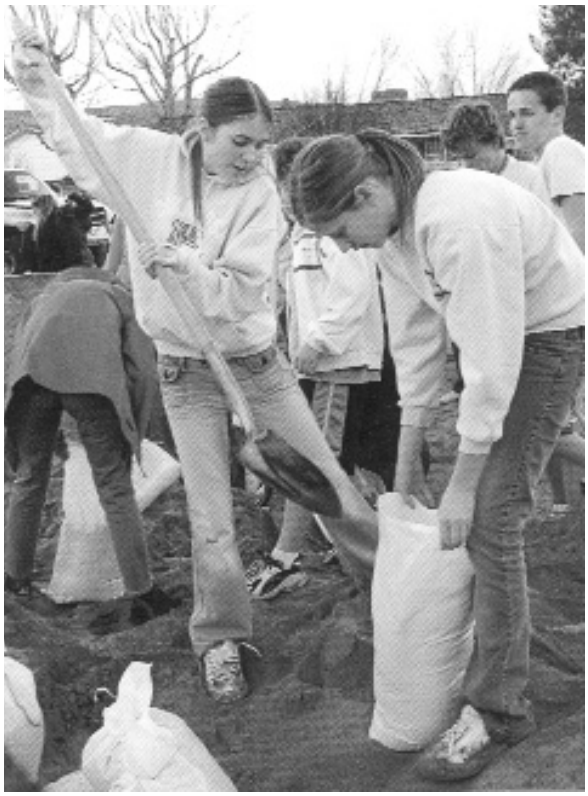
JUD BURKETT, *THE SPECTRUM*

Volunteers place sand bags along the Virgin River in Washington during the 2005 flood.

> John Schmutz and family lived right in the mouth of the Beaver Wash. We knew they would be washed away unless they were warned. I got out a horse and rode fast as I could, told them to hurry and get out of bed as there was a big flood coming down the wash. I helped them get bedding, clothes, and what we could out onto the bank and we were none too soon as the water came before we were ready, but there was no lives lost, but they were fast asleep when I got there and gave the alarm. The water was so high I couldn't get back home until next day. We all were out in the rain all night with no shelter.[46]

These people were saved because of caring friends or neighbors who put their own well being, and sometimes their lives, at risk to save others. This is what ties the early Dixie-ites to you people here today. I have read through some of the stories of the recent flood collected by volunteers and published as *Portraits of Loss, Stories of Hope* and find them captivating. These stories of today will become the folklore of tomorrow. As a folklorist, I am intrigued by the narrative patterns I see emerging and by the themes that run through most of the stories. There is in these stories adequate material for a number of serious studies. The themes are fascinating: the destructive ferocity of the rivers, the dangers involved in fighting them, miracles, the use of four-wheelers and cell phones, the ready organizational structures of church and city, but, above all else, the love of the people toward each other and the unquestioning willingness to sacrifice time and body to help others. For me, the actions of the Dixie people come closer to true

[46] "Brief History of Isaac H. Burgess, St. George, Utah, September 16, 1935," Library of Congress, Manuscript Division, WPA Federal Writers' Project Collection, 1.



LARRY H. GARDNER

Volunteers fill sandbags in Bloomington during the 2005 flood.

camaraderie and genuine concern for their neighbors than almost anything I have encountered. Listen to some of these people speak:

–One of the positive things is the friendship developed. People that haven't been too friendly in the neighborhood came out and were helping and it was amazing how they became immediate friends.

–The volunteers from that first day just came out of everywhere. They came first out of the neighborhoods and ward — whether they were LDS or not, people just started coming and asking what they could do to help. That was the amazing thing, the people–they just came out of nowhere.

–People found out we were making sandwiches and we decided to do it here in our kitchen. Food just started arriving on my doorstep. I don't even know where most of it came from. Bread—I call it the miracle of the loaves and tuna fish–because it was mostly bread and tuna fish and peanut butter because that's what people had in their pantry.

–I was so proud of our community. Over the years I've heard talk about the Spirit of Dixie, but I don't think I'd ever taken the time to try and figure out exactly what it meant. Now I know.

–Well, we were grateful for all the help we had the night before and for all the wonderful people who came to help us... It was a wonderful experience, in that we found out about humanity.–I remember this black truck full of big burly college boys. I said, "Where are you from?" And they said, "We're from Dixie College and we're here to help." It was at that time when we had been working since 8:00 doing whatever we could and we were all exhausted at that point and it was drizzly and it wasn't all that comfortable and these guys came all fresh and excited and it made all the difference.

–It was very humbling to see the thousands of people step up to help those in need. Neighbors helping neighbors, strangers helping victims, in sometimes hectic, but very organized and caring manner.[47]

There was one other circumstance that has always helped the gritty Dixie-ites persevere: faith, well exemplified by the following story about the Hurricane canal.

[47] These flood narratives will be on file at the Dixie State College Archive.

> It is said that one day George Brimhall, then president of BYU, was visiting Hurricane to see the canal. He was amazed that the thing had been built. He asked James Jepson, "How did your people do this thing?" James Jepson replied, "You remember how Brigham Young called a group of people to settle Utah's Dixie country and only half responded?" "Yes," was the reply. "Do you remember how that of the half who came, only half of those stayed?" "Yes," he answered. "Well, the men and women who built the canal were descendants of those who stayed!" Then President Brimhall asked, "And what do you do when the canal breaks?" "We fix it," was the answer. Then President Brimhall asked, "And what if you can't fix it?" "James Jepson said, "We can fix it. We have to fix it. God helped us to build it, and by heaven he will help us fix it."[48]

For the July 24th celebration in 1867, Charles Walker composed another song, part of which goes like this:

> We've battled with the mineral, we've battled with our foes.
> We've battled with the Virgin, that everybody knows;
> Our desert homes are pretty and blossom like the rose,
> Since we came marching to Dixie.
>
> Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! The thorns we have cut down.
> Hurrah! Hurrah! We're building quite a town.
> St. George is growing greater, and gaining great renown,
> Since we came marching to Dixie.[49]

I hope that those of you who have come marching to Dixie in recent years will prove as tough and resilient and gutsy and faithful as those who preceded you. The response of Dixie's residents to the recent floods convinces me that you will. I hope also that if in some future generation another folklorist is invited here to lecture on the folklore of Dixie he or she will find that task made easy by an archive full of stories, songs, beliefs, material objects, and customary practices put there by people like yourselves who have been proud enough of this land to make it your own.

[48] Chris Edwards, "Folklore of the Hurricane Canal," 1989, WAWFA, Collection No. 813, 8.
[49] Larson and Larson, *Walker*, I:283.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Urban Pioneers: The Folk-Music Revival in Utah, 1959–1966

By POLLY STEWART

For a period between roughly 1945 and 1970, the "urban folk music revival" movement swept up many Americans–it actually began long before 1945 and continues quietly to the present day. The movement reached its height nationally between 1957 and 1970, then dropped off precipitously and virtually disappeared from the mainstream of American popular music. This article will not dwell on the national scene, but will introduce briefly the urban folk music revival as it was experienced in Utah in the late 1950s and early 1960s—a brief, incandescent, and almost completely undocumented slice of Utah history whose impact is still, upwards of five decades later, deeply felt by some Utahns.

Salt Lake City, crossroads of the west, became home to urban revival folk music performance forty-five years ago.

The term "urban folk music revival" (or "urban revival" or "folk revival" or "folk music revival") is applied to any performance

Polly Stewart, a Salt Lake City native, recently retired from the English faculty of Salisbury University in Maryland.

in which the traditional instrumental or sung expression of a cultural group, whether urban or rural, has been appropriated, modified, and presented to audiences wider than the originating group. Inevitably, outsiders are involved somewhere in the process—as collectors, arrangers, producers, performers, or audience members. Any folk music or folk-like music that is marketed—whether transformed by classical composers (Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and a host of other European masters who incorporated folk melodies into their works) or commercial stage performers, composed and performed by urban song makers, or performed by traditional singers and musicians–is urban folk revival music. American filmmakers continue to employ urban revival music because it is so familiar to the American ear. Disney's 1994 animated film, *The Lion King*, played the Zulu song "Wimoweh," made famous half a century earlier, first by the Weavers and then by the Kingston Trio. The phony folksongs in Warner Brothers' film *A Mighty Wind* (2003) constitute an urban revival parody made successful because parody works for an audience already familiar with what is being parodied.[1]

In the heyday of the American folk revival between forty and forty-five years ago, rebellious middle-class youth shoehorned themselves into coffeehouses and other small non-mainstream venues appropriate for solo or small-group performers using simple acoustic guitar or banjo accompaniment in contrast to the larger venues required for mainstream performances by big bands, popular singers such as Nat King Cole, and other musical groups favored by their parents. Up to the early 1960s the best-known large mainstream stage performance and dance venues in the Salt Lake vicinity were Lagoon in Farmington and the Rainbow Randevu, the latter located on Main Street between Fourth and Fifth South Streets. These two venues also hosted the most popular of the commercial folk revival groups, but these commercial performances came with trappings and showmanship associated with pop music. Some of the commercial urban folk music revival groups–the Kingston Trio and Peter, Paul, and Mary among the most famous of these–enjoyed a huge national success during the movement's heyday, performing songs appropriated from their places of origin and modified and orchestrated to appeal to a mass audience.[2]

Yet in the same period a number of young, urban, middle-class songwriters, dissatisfied with Tin Pan Alley, rock-and-roll, and commercialized urban performance models, began listening avidly to field recordings and live performances of traditional folk musicians. They found that "folk music

[1] For information about "Wimoweh," see Rian Malan, "Rolling Stone," *Rolling Stone*, May 25, 2000; for information about *A Mighty Wind*, see Castlerock Entertainment, *A Mighty Wind: The Illustrated Songbook* (Perigee, 2003).

[2] For a scholarly study of the full range of American urban folk music revival performance, see Robert Cantwell, *When We Were Good: The Folk Revival* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1996); Benjamin Filene, *Romancing the Folk: Public Memory and American Roots Music* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2000); Robert Santelli, Holly George-Warren, and Jim Brown, eds., *American Roots Music* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 2001).

addressed every aspect of human existence."[3] Inspired, their imaginations freed, these young songwriters appropriated traditional folk-tune and folk-lyric models to create new songs–some songs as a means to excite interest in social and political change in a context of protest against segregation and the Vietnam War, others as a form of personal artistic expression. One famous exemplar of the middle-class urban revival folksong writer-performer is Bob Dylan.[4]

In some ways the American folk revival's expression in Utah was the same as in any part of the country, because like most Americans, most Utahns of the era had access to record players, radios, and television sets. But in significant ways the urban revival unfolded as it did in the state because Utah (more specifically Salt Lake City) had a particular combination of geographical dispositions, cultural predispositions, and artistic resources unlike those to be found anywhere else in America. These opened the way to a Utah urban folk music revival that was unique, whose events and personages will stand out as truly significant if a comprehensive account of America's urban folk music revival can one day be written.[5]

Utah has three qualities peculiar to the state that converged to foster the Utah urban folk music revival. The first is a brute fact of geography: Salt Lake City is the place one must pass through on one's way from virtually anywhere to virtually anywhere else in the West. From the 1840s onward, emigrants to Oregon or California inevitably stopped in Salt Lake City to repair equipment and to purchase fresh provender before heading west over the deserts of the Great Basin. Today the city is at the crossing of Interstate 80 and Interstate 15. Partly because of this positioning at the crossroads of the West, members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, once an overwhelming majority, now comprise only slightly more than half of Salt Lake County's population.[6] Throughout its history, Salt Lake City has received incoming cultural ideas and expressions to a degree far greater than one might expect of a relatively small municipality in a region dominated by a single religion, many hundreds of miles away from any city of equivalent or larger size.

This ongoing geographical fact may be juxtaposed with a picture of Utah's cultural environment in the late 1950s. For one thing, the fine arts,

[3] Bruce "Utah" Phillips interview, Nevada City, California, July 7, 2005. The author conducted oral history interviews, making use of them in this article, as follows: Utah Phillips, November 30, 2004, and July 7, 2005, Nevada City, California; Rosalie Sorrels, March 3, 2005, Idaho City, Idaho; July 24, 2005, North Salt Lake, Utah. These materials are in the possession of the author.

[4] For analysis of Bob Dylan's relation to the urban folk song revival, see Benjamin Filene, *Romancing the Folk*, 183-232.

[5] It should be noted that this writer lived in the midst of Utah's urban folk music revival and participated in it. Not until decades afterwards was I able to grasp how extraordinary a time it was, or begin to understand its impact upon me. I have begun an ongoing project to gather taped reminiscences of people who made the revival happen in Utah and have conducted interviews with Rosalie Sorrels, Bruce "Utah" Phillips, Barre Toelken, and Hal Cannon.

[6] "Rise and fall: Mormon majority is slipping away," Salt Lake *Tribune*, July 24, 2005.

performing arts, and letters, fostered and supported since pioneer times by the LDS church, resonated subtly throughout the postwar period with parallel but unheralded artistic traditions played out by disaffected locals and by outsiders who were traveling through Salt Lake City or who came to stay. The underground arts scene was avant-garde, irreverent and raffish. After World War II, Salt Lake City was "hip" because everybody going to or coming from San Francisco went through Salt Lake City along old U. S. 40. By the late 1950s, for those with eyes to see and ears to hear, the city's literary, musical, and artistic underground was alive, and there were a number of non-mainstream arts venues–small theaters, galleries, and a downtown coffee house next to the Capitol Theatre–The Abyss (managed by Chandler Caldwell), located below street level, underground. Before the folk music craze reached its height in the 1960s, other coffeehouses sprouted in university towns in the state under the aegis of campus ministries seeking to transform–as one campus minister is reported to have said—"dogma into hip rhetoric."[7]

A second source of cultural contribution to the urban folk music revival in Utah, in keeping with the state's long scholarly tradition of research in folklore, is the folksong collecting fieldwork that Mormon scholars of the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s had done under the aegis of institutions of higher education. The Utah folksong tradition was richer than that of other places because of early LDS mission policy, which in early days fostered the immigration of a wide variety of people from elsewhere in the world. The folksong field research carried out in Utah was exactly parallel to the great contemporaneous field-collecting projects conducted elsewhere in the United States and Canada, all based upon the magisterial model provided by Francis James Child.[8] Locally, collector-scholars Lester Hubbard of the University of Utah, Thomas E. Cheney of Brigham Young University, and Austin and Alta Fife of Utah State University had, by the early 1960s, completed their labors in the field and were now publishing their life's work.[9]

[7] Attributed to a University of Utah religious fellowship pastor of the era by Bruce "Utah" Phillips, interview, Nevada City, California, July 7, 2005.

[8] Francis James Child, ed., *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Vol. I-V (1882-1898, repr. New York: Dover Publications, 1965); Henry M. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson, eds., *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, Vol. II: *Folk Ballads*, and Vol. III: *Folk Songs* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1952); John A. Lomax, ed., *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads* (New York: Sturgis and Walton, 1910; rev. ed., 1916); Vance Randolph, ed., *Ozark Folksongs,* Vol. I-IV (Columbia: State Historical Society of Missouri, 1936-1950; rev. ed., Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1980); Cecil Sharp, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians,* Maud Karpeles, ed., (London: Oxford University Press, 1932). Other notable folk song and ballad collections were produced by Phillips Barry, Geraldine Jencks Chickering, Josiah Combs, John Harrington Cox, Helen Creighton, Arthur Kayle Davis, Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, Helen Hartness Flanders, Emelyn Elizabeth Gardner, W. Roy Mackenzie, and Louise Pound.

[9] Two of these Utah folklorists published their folksong collections in magnum opus form: Lester A. Hubbard, *Ballads and Songs from Utah* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1961); Thomas E. Cheney, ed., *Mormon Songs from the Rocky Mountains: A Compilation of Mormon Folksong* (1968; repr. Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1981). Austin and Alta Fife spread their folksong publications over two decades within roughly the same time frame: "Songs of Mormon Inspiration," *Western Folklore* 6 (1947):42-52; *Songs of the Mormon Pioneers: Music, Words, Guitar Chord Symbols, with Historical Annotations by Austin and Alta*

SALT LAKE TRIBUNE

Rosalie Sorrels.

The third ingredient in the rare mix that was to open up into Utah's folk music revival was its artistic resources: its singers, songwriters, and musicians. This article will concentrate on two of the many Utah performers active in the period who came up earlier than the rest, who from the beginning stood out from the rest, and who, unlike most of the others, have continued performing using urban folk music revival esthetics and performance style to the present day: Rosalie Sorrels and Bruce "Utah" Phillips.[10] These two artists continue touring and stage performing as their principal occupation, and their effect upon audiences continues to be as deeply felt as it was in the revival's heyday four decades ago. They are luminaries in a national below-the-radar performing circuit.

When it comes to political and cultural backgrounds, the two performers have much in common, and these commonalities, added to the fact that they are nearly the same age and had their early public artistic experience in the place and time, link them in the public mind. Despite this public perception, and despite having appeared together on many stages over the years, they are not a duo. Phillips has said that he works best solo because doing so gives him artistic control over what happens on stage. Both Sorrels and Phillips regard their Salt Lake City years as preparation for the national careers they later developed. After leaving Salt Lake City at separate times in the late 1960s, each fell into professional folk singing

Fife (Salt Lake City: Columbia Research Group, 1950); "A Ballad of the Mountain Meadows Massacre," *Western Folklore* 12 (1953):229-41; *Songs of the Mormon Pioneers* [sound recording featuring Rosalie Sorrels, Jim Sorrels, and the Singing Saints, with booklet by Austin Fife] (Festival LB 2582 [1961]); "Utah Carroll, Hero of the Cattle Stampede," *Utah Science* 24:3 (1964):74-75, 87. The lives and careers of these distinguished early Utah folklore scholars are detailed in David Stanley, ed., *Folklore in Utah: A History and Guide to Resources* (Logan: Utah State University Press, 2004), chapters 5-7.

[10] Besides Utah Phillips and Rosalie Sorrels, Utah folk music revivalists of the 1960s included Brent Bradford, Hal Cannon, Ray Conrad, Bruce W. Cummings, the late Byron Davis, the late Steve Lawson, Mackie Magleby, Pete Netka, Fred Rinehart, Dave Roylance, Heather Stewart, Polly Stewart, and others.

more by catastrophe than by design. Sorrels was suddenly a single parent with five children to rear and no job; Phillips was an out-of-work labor organizer, unemployable in Utah because of his high-profile politics.

Neither of them set out to be an urban-revival folksinger, but their experience and artistic gifts suited both of them to that mode. Ironically, although the public overwhelmingly perceives them as "folksingers," they do not see themselves that way. In interviews, they have said, each independent of the other, that the designation "folksinger" pains them and that they see themselves rather as professional storytellers who make use of folksong and other materials as a form of artistic support for their storytelling–an indication, perhaps, of the inadequacy of labels. Though what they do today on stage and on disc is clearly more than just urban folk revival performance, the esthetics, forms, and instrumentations of their music are just as clearly rooted in the urban revival. Moreover, both have had formal theatrical training and stage acting experience. Sorrels says she still employs in every stage performance the Stanislavski techniques and mental preparations she learned from acting instructor Arch Heugly in his classes at the University of Utah in the late 1950s and early 1960s. In a somewhat different way, Phillips, who received acting instruction as a schoolboy in Ohio and later learned a great deal about vaudeville from his stepfather, prepares his shows—stories, recitations, and songs, as an actor rehearses lines and stage business (except he is also playwright and director) and uses the stage actor's discipline to achieve the effect of spontaneity, when actually everything that happens is carefully planned out and practiced in advance.

The attention with which Phillips and Sorrels prepare and carry out their stage performances must not be mistaken to suggest that their artistry overshadows their ongoing commitment to social and political justice. They came from families devoted, each in its own way, to art and politics. Sorrels, born in 1933 to a literary and musical liberal-left family of Southern Idaho that surrounded itself with books and was given to singing a variety of songs ranging from operatic arias to "Come, Butter, Come," grew up without musical training but with a desire to be an opera singer. Married very young, she came to Salt Lake City in late 1956 with her then-husband Jim and her growing brood of children. That fall she first saw folk-revival icon Pete Seeger in concert at the Murray B. Allen Center for the Blind on First South and Second East in Salt Lake City, never having heard of Pete Seeger but attracted to the concert because it was a benefit for the left-leaning Mine Mill and Smelter Workers. Phillips was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1935 into a politically progressive family that evinced a broad intellectual curiosity. As a child he received theater training but no musical training. At the age of twelve he was brought to Salt Lake City by his mother and his stepfather, a theater and cinema manager who had managed the Hippodrome, the last vaudeville theater in Cleveland.

Interestingly, both Sorrels and Phillips taught themselves to play the

ukulele before discovering the guitar. Given the ubiquity of the ukulele in America in the 1940s and 1950s, this coincidence is not surprising; very likely the massive surge of popular interest in the guitar during the 1960s can be traced to the humble ukulele, which uses a tuning similar to that of the guitar, and which could be found in many homes of the era. After high school, for various reasons, neither Phillips nor Sorrels earned a college degree, though both have spent much of their adult lives in study. They met in Salt Lake City in the artistic and intellectual underground that was flourishing in the late 1950s. Phillips was preparing to ship out to Korea and would be away from Salt Lake City from 1957 until 1959.

Sorrels, meanwhile, took courses at the University of Utah, and because of her intellectual aptitude and her gifts as a singer she became the protégée of Dr. Harold Bentley, dean of the Extension Division. Bentley believed passionately in world peace and he believed that folk singing could be a catalyst for world peace. Because of his position, Bentley was able to provide Sorrels with resources and opportunities to increase her knowledge and to develop her talents as singer and, later, as impresario. He brought folklorist Wayland Debs Hand from UCLA to teach an extension course in folksong in summer 1957, and the following spring, at Hand's urging, co-founded the Folklore Society of Utah and instituted a series of summer folklore seminars that continued for several years, bringing to the university campus an array of folklore luminaries that included Hand, Ed Cray, John Greenway, and Kenneth S. Goldstein.[11] Sorrels had attended the Hand folksong course in 1957 and had been an invited participant in Bentley's budding folklore summer seminar.

Now, in 1959, Bentley made real his belief in her potential by sending her to a three-week summer folklore seminar at UCLA, where she sat at the feet of some of the greatest folklore scholars of the age. She learned folk-music theory and history from Wayland Hand, D. K. Wilgus, and Charles Seeger, and learned field-collecting theory from Herbert Halpert; she heard demonstration performances from Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry and other notables of the urban folk-music revival. Wilgus and Hand, senior members of the UCLA faculty, offered to help her earn a degree in folklore at UCLA, but because of her family commitments in Salt Lake City she did not accept. Instead, back home, she collected Mormon songs in Utah and Idaho using the field techniques she had learned at UCLA and augmented, through collection and study, her own repertoire of Idaho and Utah folksongs.[12]

[11] Stanley, *Folklore in Utah*, 9, 224-29.

[12] The Sorrels repertoire of Utah and Idaho songs is partially represented in three of her early phonograph albums: *Folksongs of Idaho and Utah* (Folkways FH 5343 [1961], available on CD through Smithsonian Folkways FW05343); *Rosalie's Songbag* (Prestige International INT 13025 [1961]); and *Songs of the Mormon Pioneers* (Festival LB 2582 [1961]). Among these recordings are versions of such Idaho and Utah folk songs as "Blue Mountain," "Brigham Young," "Come, Girls, Come (Don't You Marry the Mormon Boys)," "The Handcart Song," "The Lineman's Hymn," "The Lonesome Roving Wolves," "None

Dave Roylance, Bruce "Utah" Phillips, and Polly Stewart, of the revival string band, Polly and the Valley Boys, at the National Old-Time Fiddle Contest in Weiser, Idaho, June 1965.

In the spring of 1961 she and her husband and several others founded the Intermountain Folk Music Council to collect Utah folk songs and foster traditional performance, an extension of the goals of the Folklore Society of Utah that Bentley had co-founded three years earlier.[13] Beginning in 1959 and continuing almost to the time of her departure from Salt Lake City in November 1966, Rosalie and her associates received generous help from Bentley, not only in presenting a number of local concerts on their own–including, in the spring of 1963, the landmark stage production *Face of a Nation*, to be discussed below–but also in bringing a spectacular array of traditional and revival folk performers to town between 1959 and 1966—Guy Carawan, Jean Ritchie, Peggy Seeger, Jesse (Lone Cat) Fuller, The New Lost City Ramblers, The Georgia Sea Island Singers, Rolf Cahn, Joan Baez, Jack Elliott, Mitch Greenhill, Hedy West, and Son House.[14]

In 1957 Phillips, who in adolescence had already begun studying prosody and composing songs, shipped out to Korea and was immediately

Can Preach the Gospel Like the Mormons Do," "Once I Lived in Cottonwood," "Tying Knots in the Devil's Tail," "St. George and the Drag-On," "The Unknown Grave," "Way out in Idaho," and "Zack, the Mormon Engineer."

[13] Stanley, *Folklore in Utah*, 10, 224-29.

[14] Stanley, *Folklore in Utah*, 226, makes partial reference to this array of performers on the basis of extant documentation in the Harold Bentley papers. This author developed the list in consultation with Rosalie Sorrels.

sickened by what he was required to see and do there. During his brief tour, his wife back home left him for another man. He washed out of the army and was shipped back to the states, but he put off returning to Salt Lake City, adrift, for upwards of two years, drinking, fighting, and writing songs. He came back to Salt Lake City in 1959 full of rage and dread. The following year he met Ammon Hennacy (1893-1970), a Catholic pacifist-anarchist who had come to Salt Lake City at about that same time to establish, near the old Denver and Rio Grande Western's Roper rail yard near 3300 South 400 West, "The Joe Hill House," a Catholic Worker house of hospitality and shelter for transients.[15] Hennacy taught Phillips how to be a pacifist–how to contain and channel his anger in a principled and peaceable way. Today Phillips says that this instruction probably saved his life.

Phillips remarried and started a family. For the next eight years he held a series of day jobs with the state of Utah but directed his energies toward performing in a bluegrass band called The Utah Valley Boys (1961-1964) and an old-time string band called Polly and the Valley Boys (1964-1966). He led the Friday-night sings that were a staple at the Joe Hill House, using a home-published sheaf of radical songs that included some of his own compositions. He and a group of associates printed them on a small Gestetner office copier, collated them, and stapled the whole into booklets, which over time disintegrated through use and were reprinted.[16] Like Jim and Rosalie Sorrels, who taught folk guitar and folk singing through the University of Utah Extension Division, Phillips taught folk guitar and folk singing and song composition at local music schools. He used what he calls "the ear method," because he does not read music and also because he believes that songs are best internalized through listening. In mid-decade, several of his songs were purchased and recorded by bluegrass virtuosos Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs.[17] The resulting national exposure helped him become known outside Utah.

Phillips lived out his political convictions, running for the United States Senate from Utah in 1968 on the Peace and Freedom Party Ticket. That year, on the same ticket, national civil-rights activist Eldridge Cleaver ran for President of the United States. In Utah the Peace and Freedom Party garnered six thousand votes–votes that would otherwise have gone to the party in power in Utah at the time. Because Phillips had been on the state payroll, his foray into the political arena had the effect of making him

[15] Ammon Hennacy, *The Book of Ammon* ([1964], repr. Marion, SD: Fortkamp / Rose Hill Publications, 1994).

[16] *The Joe Hill Memorial Committee Presents If I Were Free: A Collection of Songs Sung Every Friday Night at the Joe Hill House for Transients and Migrants, 3461 South on Fourth West, Salt Lake City, Utah* (Salt Lake City: Utah Wobbly Press, 1967). A copy of this rare publication is found in Special Collections, Marriott Library, University of Utah.

[17] *The Versatile Flatt and Scruggs,* Columbia 9154 (1965), featured four of Phillips' songs: "You're Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone," "I'll Be on That Good Road Some Day," "Rock Salt and Nails," and "The Soldier's Return [Brown Shoe Soldier]."

unemployable in any state of Utah agency. For a year he remained in the state, trying to keep body and soul together, all his attempts at marriage having failed. Defeated, he left Utah forever in November 1969. Ironically, his fans know him as Utah, the name given him by his army buddies in Korea, more than as Bruce. It should be noted that Phillips freely tells all these stories about himself in stage performances and in the press.[18]

UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Bruce Phillips as a candidate for United States senator for the Peace and Freedom Party ticket in Utah in 1968.

From the artistic perspective, probably the defining moment in the lives of both Sorrels and Phillips was in March 1963, when the two of them performed in a full-length production at the University of Utah, scripted and staged by Sorrels, called *Face of a Nation*, a spoken collage of prose and poetry by Thomas Wolfe, Woody Guthrie, Nelson Algren, and John Dos Passos, interspersed with songs by Woody Guthrie, Bruce Phillips, and others.[19] A local radio announcer, Willy Lucas, spoke the poems and narrative portions and Phillips and Sorrels sang the songs. The three performers sat on stools of differing height under differently shaped pools of light on a darkened stage. This production, a combination of story, recitation, and song rendered in an artistically charged setting, was to become the artistic model for both Sorrels and Phillips as they independently developed their careers after leaving Salt Lake City. As Phillips, in discussing the performative aspects of his art, phrases it, *Face of a Nation* taught him "what happens *between* songs is important."[20]

Rosalie Sorrels and Bruce Phillips became well known in the folk revival years because of their obvious artistic gifts and because of their personal convictions about the need for social and political justice. The arts underground in Salt Lake City of the late 1950s and early 1960s had been full of energy and political moment. For adherents of left-liberal politics, the setting was fully charged but inchoate, ready to crystallize around performing artists who most fully embodied the left-liberal social and political positions of the day. The brief years of the urban folk music revival in Salt Lake City, most lastingly represented by Bruce Phillips and Rosalie Sorrels, marked a concatenation of sociopolitical and artistic energy of a sort never

[18] Phillips interviews, November 30, 2004, and July 7, 2005.

[19] The concert's name derived from a line composed by Thomas Wolfe and featured in the title of a book much admired by both Sorrels and Phillips, *The Face of a Nation: Poetical Passages from the Writings of Thomas Wolfe* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1939).

[20] Phillips interview, July 7, 2005.

UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Rosalie Sorrels in Salt Lake City, shortly before she launched her national career.

before felt in Utah. After they left, Sorrels and Phillips held on to their political convictions, built upon the traditional music forms they had mastered while in Salt Lake City, and created for themselves careers as "folksingers" in the spirit of the urban folk music revival.

The era of big-ticket commercial folksinging, as exemplified by the Kingston Trio and Peter, Paul, and Mary, entered a decline in the political and social chaos of the late 1960s.[21] There has not been a commercially viable folk music branch of the music industry since then. In its place has grown up a small "sub-industrial" music enterprise that survived the collapse of the larger commercial folk-music recording industry through personal networking at ground level–not exactly underground but still not subject to the dictates of the music industry or to the vicissitudes of the market. This smaller endeavor has been helped by developments in recording technology that make it possible for performing artists to produce and market their own recordings, having ownership of every step of their means of productions and beholden to no one. After leaving Salt Lake City, Phillips pioneered and disseminated this concept of folksingers as independent artisans worthy of their hire. Today Bruce Utah Phillips, based in Northern California, and Rosalie Sorrels, based in Southern Idaho, continue that tradition, enjoying loyal followings among ground-level aficionados of the American urban folk music revival.[22]

[21] The most cataclysmic of these years was 1968, marked by riots, assassinations, and anti-war protests. In February 1968 the North Vietnam Tet Offensive was launched; a month later President Lyndon Johnson announced he would not seek reelection, throwing the Democratic Party primaries wide open. In April, Martin Luther King was assassinated in Memphis, and in June, Robert Kennedy was assassinated in Los Angeles. That July the Democratic National Convention, held in Chicago, was the scene of the nation's fiercest anti-war demonstrations. See Nick Kotz, *Judgement Days: Lyndon Baines Johnson, Martin Luther King Jr., and the Laws that Changed America* (Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, 2005), 380-81, 393, 415-16, 422.

[22] The traditional repertoire of Rosalie Sorrels is partially represented in footnote twelve above. Sorrels began by performing traditional songs but turned to writing her own songs in earnest after leaving Salt Lake City in 1966. Utah Phillips, thoroughly conversant with traditional songs and adept at performing them through his Salt Lake City years, was and is primarily a singer-songwriter. Songs most strongly associated with him are of his own composition, a few of them he composed and performed before leaving Salt Lake City in 1969. They include: "Clint, Texas," "Faded Rose," "If I Could Be the Rain," "Jesse's Corrido," "Paper and Comb," "Pig Hollow," "The Scofield Mine Disaster (Funeral Train)," "Y. C. C.," and those noted in footnote seventeen as having been recorded by Flatt and Scruggs in 1965.

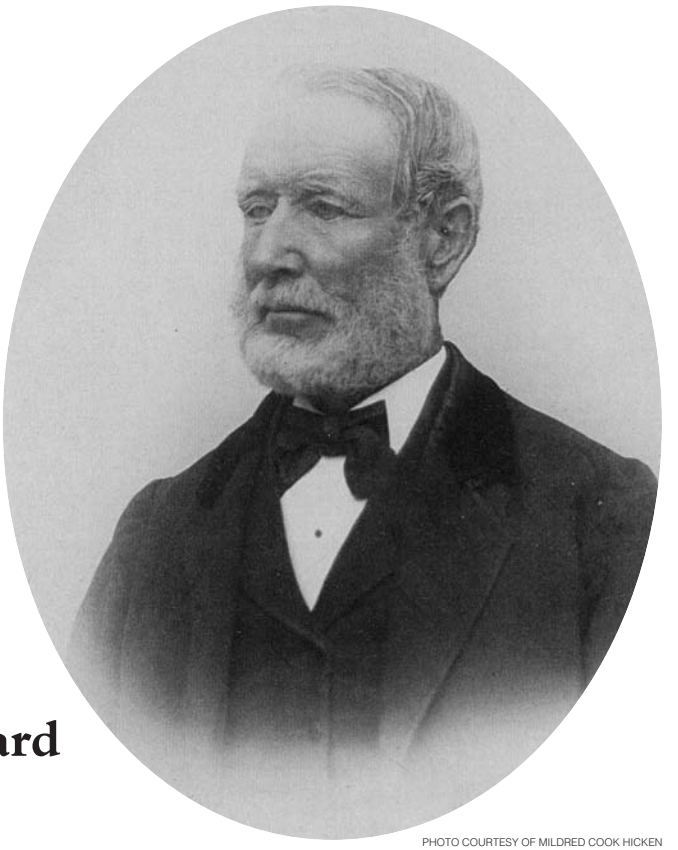


PHOTO COURTESY OF MILDRED COOK HICKEN

Grafts from a Lost Orchard

By MARK THOMAS

The original plan of Salt Lake City does not look like a treasure map. It is far more practical than mysterious: a geometry of populated squares surrounded by a greenbelt of farm and desert wilderness. In early Salt Lake City, one could always calculate how many blocks east and how many blocks south you were standing from the center of the universe. It was a wonderful environmental ideal in which man, while central, recognized his dependency on nature.

As subdivisions grew, the expanding population consumed the greenbelt. Today the farmland and wilderness of sagebrush is nearly gone from the Salt Lake Valley. Part of the old farming greenbelt is now called Holladay and Millcreek. The original farmers came to the Holladay area in 1848 drawn by natural springs, which have since dried up due to overpopulation.

When I purchased my father's home in Holladay in the late 1990s, I blinked my eyes and opened them again to discover a parallel universe existing simultaneously alongside the universe that I remembered from my youth. Growing up, I never paid attention to the old, crooked trees, barely alive, scattered in backyards and next to parking lots, here and there. These trees were raised by nineteenth- and early twentieth-century farmers and orchardists—German,

John Henry Cook planted orchards on his farm in Holladay, Utah.

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Norwegian, English and American settlers who lived here long before I was born. These trees bear varieties of fruit I had never heard of—Pound, York Imperial and Rhode Island Greening apples, as well as Mormon apricots and a dozen more unnamed and unknown heirloom varieties of fruit. These trees are the lost survivors of lost orchards grown by the early pioneers.

I have collected grafts, both verbal and material, from the barely surviving folklore of the neighborhood. But, I did not pick the magic wand that opened this wooden door. The wand (as wands are apt to do) picked me and thrust me into a world of oral narrative and material culture.

As I spoke with the elderly residents about the stories of the area, I discovered that each folk story about orchards in the community paralleled the physical appearance of the trees; each story was cracked and gnarled and barely alive. Through my journey of collecting, I have come to understand an old Jewish proverb, "God made man because He loves stories." I now understand the deep significance of storytelling: the stories will help save the trees. Or is it the other way around?

Trees in particular seem to have a special effect on man's psyche. They give us shade, fruit, and an escape from predators. In various societies, they have been both symbols of life and the passageway from the mundane to the spiritual world. Trees, therefore, can act as deep symbols in story telling. These stories of old Holladay trees demonstrate how folklore can reveal a treasure chest into our own understanding. We are orchardists all.

Out of the many stories and their trees, I will confine myself to two orchardists, John Cook and H. K. North "The Pound Apple Tree" story, is one of my favorites. I found it on a busy street in Holladay.

The door opened to the story of the Pound apple tree when I took my car in for repairs at the David Early Tire Center at 4031 South on Highland Drive in Holladay, Utah, in early 2004. While waiting for my car to be repaired, I stepped behind the car center and saw two old apple trees. When I got home, I called Mildred Cook Hicken, who was born in 1922, and a childhood friend of my mother. I had heard that the Cook family had owned a large farm in what is now a commercial area near my home. Mildred told me that in about 1885, her grandfather, John Cook (1822-1909) had planted two trees near the home that she grew up in.[1] They were south of the car repair shop in the same commercial area near where Cook's old farmhouse used to be at 4049 Highland Drive.

However, Mildred told me that while most trees were planted by her grandfather, others were probably planted much later. The two apple trees that I had seen were probably not planted by John Cook. The old Pound apple trees planted by John Cook were cut down years ago when the old

[1] The Pound apple trees were planted by Mildred Hicken's grandfather, John Cook sometime between 1861, when he arrived in Utah as a Mormon convert from England, and 1909 when, he died. Since they were already very old when Mildred climbed them, I am assuming that they were planted near the time of John's arrival to the area, likely after the house was built in 1883.

farmhouse was torn down. A bank, which regularly changes its name, and is surrounded by a black belt of asphalt now stands in its place.[2]

The Cook family called these apples "pound" apples, because of their enormous size. Mildred's father, George Cook, used to brag that their Pound trees were the only ones of their kind in Salt Lake County. She recalled how her father would kill a pig to get lard, and her mother, Nettie, would combine the pig lard with only two "pound" apples to make each pie.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF MILDRED COOK HICKEN

Mildred Cook Hicken has shared her family's stories of the trees her grandfather planted.

Robert Fetzer, an expert in Utah heirloom apples, informed me recently that the Pound apple was an heirloom variety of the baking apple Pound Sweet.[3] Fetzer had never seen one although he had read about them. I like both the old fruit and the old stories best. The old varieties help preserve genetic diversity rapidly being lost in modern farming that employs genetic engineering. Today, dangerously few varieties are being cultivated.

Mildred then told me a few more stories about her grandfather and her father. Stories of trees lead to other stories. Family stories define family members. Mildred related how her grandfather, John Cook, was a nineteenth-century Mormon patriarch who was regularly sent by the local Mormon bishop to meet with church members and help them arbitrate disputes over property lines and water rights, which were very often heated in this desert. Cook was chosen for this sensitive and somewhat dangerous assignment, the family feels, because he was well known for his fairness and honesty.

An example of this fairness is illustrated in the following family story told to me by Mildred Cook Hicken. In the middle of one summer night during irrigation season, John woke his teenage son, George, to take their turn at watering from the irrigation ditch. When the teenager started turning the water into their field, his father stopped him. John looked at his silver pocket watch and then told his teenage son to wait fifteen minutes as it was not yet their turn to water. Fifteen minutes later, the angry son began to water.

[2] Currently the space is shared by a sign for the National Home Advantage and Dyson and Associates Insurance.

[3] Andrew Jackson Downing, *Fruits and Fruit Trees of America; or The Culture, Propagation, in the Garden of Fruit Trees Generally* (New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1847), refers to the Pound apple as large and showy but of indifferent quality. Today, the Pound Sweet apple is available in heirloom fruit catalogs. It is not known if or how the Pound Sweet and the Pound are related, and which one is actually the Cook apple tree.

The John Cook home at about 4049 Highland Drive, c. 1905. John's son, George, standing behind the fence, then owned the house. George's son, Milton, stands in the open gate. Today the house is gone and most of the trees have been cut down, but vounteers from the tree seen behind the porch on the middle right are still growing.

John then handed his silver pocket watch to his teenage son to keep. He told his son that whenever he saw the watch, it should be a reminder to be honest in all that he did. John was not interested in farming, but he was interested in raising a son. George Cook kept his father's silver pocket watch all his life. The watch told spiritual time. George often related this story to his children and grandchildren each time he showed them the watch. The watch was last seen in the possession of John Cook's great-grandson who died in California. For Mildred Cook Hicken, her grandfather's lost pocket watch is still keeping track of where she stands in time and place. But Mildred mourns that her children are not interested in the old gnarled story.

Inspired by my curiosity about the lost trees on a lost farm, Mildred went back to the former site of the old Cook farmhouse. The home was gone, of course, replaced by the bank building and parking lot. The trees had been cut down years ago. But in the narrow strip of land between the parking lot of the bank and the Carmelle wedding reception center to the south, Mildred saw a cluster of six trees growing from the roots where one of the two Pound apple trees originally grew. These six trees appeared to be suckers from an original root of a tree planted in about 1885 and cut down decades ago.

When Robert Fetzer, Mildred Cook Hicken, and I visited the site of the

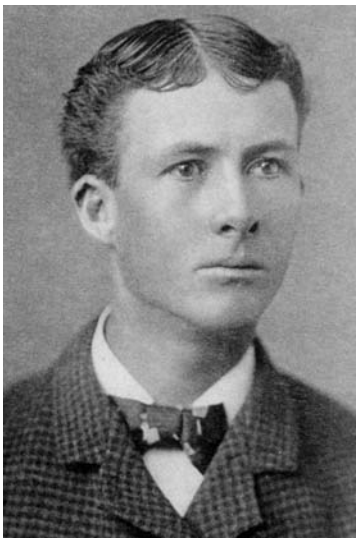
old Pound trees on April 13, 2004, we indeed saw mature volunteers growing in a small circle like a Phoenix around the parent tree, precisely the kind of growth one sees from suckers growing from the roots. It was a cluster of six sprouts ranging from 2 inches to 6 inches in diameter, about twenty feet tall, growing within a foot or so of one of the Cook's Pound apples of years ago. Shaded by some taller trees, the spindly sprouts were stretching sideways out of the shadows, reaching for the sun. We even found oval and spotted and shriveled apples on the upper branches, clear signs of an heirloom variety. We reasoned that planting rootstock was not common in the nineteenth century, so any growth from the roots we saw would have to be a Pound apple tree.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Mildred Cook Hicken and Robert Fetzer examine volunteers from one of John Cook's original pound apple trees. This photo is taken from approximately the same location as the photo on page 234. The house is now gone, the area is now part of a commercial strip, and the pine tree that dominates the scene here was planted long after the apple trees. All of the trees are growing in a narrow strip between the parking lots for a bank on the left and a reception center on the right.

I found the second story about pioneer orchards in the diary of Hyrum King North, or HK North as he was known I found more references to pioneer trees. There was something unusual about this man of trees who had settled in Holladay. He was a Renaissance man, a Jack-of-All Trades that we find in less specialized times of today. He attended Brigham Young Academy (predecessor of Brigham Young University), but quit after one year for unknown reasons. He taught school, worked in rock quarries in Millcreek Canyon, raised cattle, and worked for thirty-six years for the *Deseret News* as a district manager. He also graduated as a cartoonist from the Cartoonist Exchange, in Pleasantville, Ohio, in 1945 at the age of sixty-nine. North was described by acquaintances at his funeral as an honest, caring man, a man without guile. But above all, this man knew trees and orchards.

In the autumn of 1917, North moved from his home near 2900 South Highland Drive to the Avenues of Salt Lake City. Later, he moved out of the city to take possession of property from his in-laws on 900 East and



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Hyrum King North, better known as HK, planted orchards in Millcreek and Holladay.

3485 South. Running east from 900 East into his farm was a dirt road leading up to the house on the right. On the left hand side along the road was a long line of roses. Further east was the barn and east of the barn was an orchard.[4]

Late in 2003, I found a typewritten copy of North's writing in the LDS Valley View 9th Ward library. The entry was originally written shortly after he retired in 1952. (North died in 1957.) North wrote of his old adobe home on 3900 South and Highland Drive and the number of old trees that were still alive from many years earlier. He wrote of a particular old apple tree, one of the oldest in Utah that had been "planted in a flower pot from seed and brought to Utah by the first pioneers. It was put on the roof to protect it from the grasshoppers, until the grasshopper war was over. The tree is now a large one having splendid fruit."[5] Maurine Cook remembers the old pioneer apple tree and first heard its story when she arrived in Salt Lake City to marry her husband John in 1931. She never met HK North. The tree was located about fifty yards south of the intersection of Highland Drive and 3900 South. Maurine tells the story of how each of the children had to take turns sitting next to the tree to protect it from cricket attacks. She remembers the distress she had when the old apple tree was cut down.[6]

North in his diary preserves for us the story of this single tree that lived for over one-hundred years and survived the grasshopper (cricket) invasion of the early Mormon pioneers. I was amazed that a pioneer tree would have survived until after the time of my birth, in a location not far from my home. Actually, it sounded improbable. But perhaps this was just another legend to link us from a sacred tree to the miracle of the seagulls who ate the crickets/grasshoppers.

So, I called HK North's grandson, Richard North, to ask him about the tree. He remembers his grandfather's farm after he moved from the site of the old tree to 900 East. The North family had propagated horseradish

[4] Information from a map drawn by Arlene North Hansen, Hyrum King North's granddaughter, copy in possession of author.

[5] The text is amended from two nearly identical copies of the original writing of Hyrum North. The writing appears to be from the 1940s or 1950s. The two versions are quoted in Maurine S. Cook, *Winder Ward History; 1904-1976; Salt Lake County, Utah* (Provo: J. Grant Stevenson, 1977), 176, and "North Stars" (n. p., n. d.).

[6] Maurine Cook, personal conversation with the author, January 25, 2005. The tree was still alive when she was married in 1931.

from the old 900 East farm. I asked him in 2004: "Where is your grandfather's old farm on 900 East? I would like to see if some of the old pioneer stock was transplanted there." Richard expressed his doubts. The whole 900 East area where HK North had his farm was subdivided years ago. It's now all quarter acre lots.

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

Volunteers from the original North plums still grow by a home in Holladay.

I decided to visit the area. I followed Richard North's directions: "drive north on 900 East until you see the stream at about 3500 south. Everything north of the stream was the farm of HK North." When I arrived at the spot, I was disappointed to see the whole thing subdivided. A few of the buildings were new, but most dated from the 1950s or 1960s.

I passed the stream and turned right on Lorraine Avenue, into what was the North farm. I went up one block surrounded by red brick homes. I turned right. I stopped at a white house with an old man standing out front working with a skill saw. "Excuse me. I'm Mark Thomas and I'm looking for old fruits from an old farm. Do you know where I might find any fruit trees hidden in this subdivision?" "Yes," the old man answered. "There in my neighbor's back yard [is] a cluster of old plum trees, North plums." I was shocked. "*North* plums? Have you ever heard of Hyrum North, the farmer who owned this property?" He replied, "I knew Hyrum North. I bought this property from him, just before he died. He was an excellent orchardist, He knew his trees and he could graft trees." He then pointed out another house that had an old apricot tree from HK North. I pointed to what appeared to be an old apple tree. He said that it might very well have been Hyrum's tree. "This whole area used to be his orchard."[7]

My mind began to swim. According to this gentleman, HK North could graft trees. North's writings spoke with pride of the old pioneer tree on his Highland Drive property. It could well be that we have in the backyards of this subdivision the grafts of that same pioneer tree as well as many others.

Two other people who did not know each other claimed to have seen the pioneer tree. So there was some tree, but is the claim that it came across the plains just a way to tap into the heroic pioneer past? What does it mean to find a real pioneer tree? What does it mean to us to point to a tree and call it a relic of some heroic past, of some Garden of Eden? I do not know

[7] The man probably bought his lot from HK's son who lived on his father's farm.

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

The aged apricot is the last tree remaining from Don Carlos Young's orchard.

if this old apple tree is what people claim it to be. I will keep looking for North's original diary and compile whatever evidence I can for the case. But in the meantime, I am happy to recreate the ancient orchards in my mind. Where is Eden in the world of overpopulation and greed?

I am currently working with officials at This Is the Place Heritage Park, 2601 East Sunnyside Avenue in Salt Lake City. Calvin Smoot, the Executive Vice President, and Lynn Hjorth, the Livestock and Farm Manager of the park are helping to preserve heirloom variety trees and their stories. A small field, only 80 by 120 feet, located just south of the existing orchard by the Levi Roberts old pioneer log house, has been set aside for the new heirloom orchard. When the space in the heirloom orchard is exhausted, we plan to replace some of the dead trees in the existing orchard with cuttings to allow as many pioneer trees as possible to be preserved.

After a year of watering and fertilizing this small plot, I obtained scion wood, first year growth, from the Pound apple tree sprouts, good enough to graft into new rootstock. On April 2, 2005, my wife and I met with Paul Fetzer, Robert Fetzer's cousin, and another man knowledgeable in heirloom apples. Paul brought with him that day in April an apple rootstock. He showed us how to graft the scion wood from the Pound apple tree into the new rootstock, and plant the new grafts. While we were grafting, Fetzer recited a poem that his father often quotes:

O world, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which the mortal heart is led

Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

George Santayana, "O World, thou Choosest Not"

PHOTO BY AUTHOR.

Volunteers from John Cook's pound apples grow by a fence in Holladay.

Like the pioneers before us, we entered a new promised land carrying a small pocket knife and small, weak limbs of heirloom trees from pioneer families.

So far we have planted thirty-four fruit trees, most of them apple trees, and one a Mormon apricot tree. Other kinds of fruit trees, such as plums, peaches, and cherries, require such careful care that they do not survive the paving and building processes as well as do apples and apricots; we have not yet found any growing from original root stock. The wet spring of 2005 helped several of our cuttings take root well, and as of the summer of 2005, the trees range in size from six inches to four feet tall. However, seven of the trees have died; the greatest danger coming from wildlife, especially deer coming down from the mountains during the winter. Until the trees become large enough, they face other dangers from those of us working with them. We must be careful not to step on them nor pull them up with the weeds. A lodgepole fence now being built on the easternmost side of the orchard will serve as a trellis for heirloom grapes we have found in the Toquerville, Utah, area.

In addition to preserving the trees themselves, we plan to preserve the stories of each tree and its owner. We are currently looking for people who can help us find and graft trees and locate stories as we continue our research.

For the early pioneers to plant a tree was an act of defiant subversion. By so doing, they declared to an American army that was poised to invade Mormon territory that they intended to remain planted. In the mid-nineteenth century, Mormon church leader Heber C. Kimball stated: "Those that will live the religion of Christ will have orchards."[8]

To plant a fruit tree was also an act of community. Even after the threat of expulsion, they planted fruit trees knowing that Brigham Young might

[8] Speech of Heber C. Kimball, October 18, 1857, in *Journal of Discourses* 26 volumes (Liverpool, England, 1854-1886), 5: 335.

PHOTO BY DEIRDRE PAULSEN

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

LEFT: A pound apple, with its distinctive spots, clings to the branch of a volunteer tree descended from one planted by John Cook. RIGHT: Trees move beyond the landscape in which they grow to become an important part of our artistic and philosophic world as well. This is an abstract scupture by Frank Nachos of the "Tree of Wisdom," located on the campus of Brigham Young University in Provo.

call them to move to another settlement. Yet, they planted fruit trees for the next settler.

To plant a fruit tree is an act of survival. We are not farmers by nature, but rather hunters and gatherers. We still carry the genetic code of a former age of wandering in scarce uncertainty. To plant a fruit tree is to defy the powers of chaos. To grow an orchard is to believe that one can find a home free of wandering in the deserts of unemployment, war, fear, and pollution in the slash-and-burn world in which we live.

There are many other trees and stories I would like to preserve in coming years. I will save what I can. Some trees and stories that we grafted will surely die. It is not an easy thing to graft, especially for the first time. Trees and stories are the same—they live, mutate or die. Despite the uncertainty of success, and the certainty of death and failure, I will continue to try. Preserving the trees and the stories preserves the environmental ideals of the early Mormon village—a village surrounded by greenbelt and wilderness. But now it is a green spot of stories and trees surrounded by commercialization and globalization. Our task is to create a rite of passage with stories of trees, watches, and whatever else works, in a sacrament of survival for us, and the trees. We may yet eat Pound apples again in Utah.

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Contemporary Navajo Baskets on the Utah Reservation

By CAROL EDISON

During the last three decades, in a remote region of the Navajo reservation in southeastern Utah, an art form long believed to be extinct has re-emerged, resulting in the development of one of the most innovative forms of community-based art in recent history. Working from the ancient form and design of ceremonial wedding baskets, a handful of Navajo artists, living in and around Monument Valley, have developed a new style of basket—the story basket—that visually depicts ancient Navajo legends and myths. While some

TOP: Navajo weaver Mary Holiday Black, Mexican Hat (1994). BELOW LEFT TO RIGHT: Butterflies basket by Jonathan Black (2005). Collage basket by Peggy Rock Black (2005). Home of the Butterflies by Mary Holiday Black (1995).

Carol Edison is Folk Arts Program Manager for the Utah Arts Council.

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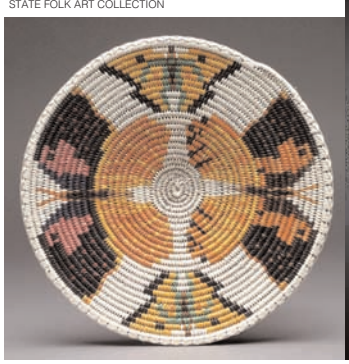

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baskets are designed around mythological characters, images and symbols and others feature symbolic or abstract designs, all merge oral traditions with material culture and create a visual representation and reminder of Navajo values and beliefs.

Much of this artistic activity is the product of a cluster of families who have lived for generations atop Douglas Mesa, a relatively isolated area in Monument Valley. Unbeknownst even to some of their northern reservation neighbors, the Bitsinnies, Blacks, Johnsons and Rocks had quietly continued to make ceremonial baskets long after basketry died out in other parts of the reservation. Perhaps this was because of the abundance of medicine men in this remote and very traditional area or perhaps because basketry materials grow relatively nearby. Whatever the reason, they continued to teach their children to weave ceremonial baskets, preserving an important link between past generations and those living in the twenty-first century. Today their basketry not only functions as it always has in ceremonies within the community, but is also known internationally as one of the most innovative and vibrant forms of contemporary Indian art.

Goshute weaver Evelyn Pete with her infant cradle (1996).

Utilitarian Baskets

Humans have always needed containers to transport and store food, tools, clothing and even infants, and in pre-industrial cultures, baskets often filled this need. But as the products of the Industrial Revolution reached remote native lands, traditional gathering, cooking and storage baskets made from locally gathered materials were gradually replaced with buckets, canteens, plates,

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Utilitarian gathering and winnowing baskets by Goshute weaver Molley McCurdy (1986).

cups and pots made of metal, ceramic and glass. Some basket forms became scarce and soon began to disappear. In Utah, knowledge of some of these older forms still exists within the Goshute Tribe as well as among the Navajo Tribe, where two forms of baskets, used specifically for ceremonial purposes, survive. Today the jug-shaped basket, coated inside and out with pine pitch, and the tray-shaped basket, with the distinctive red, black and white design known as the wedding basket, are still being produced for use at ceremonies within the community.

Jeannie Bitsinnie Begay, Navajo weaver, Monument Valley (1995).

Ceremonial Baskets

Just as basket production was declining on the Navajo Reservation, other forms of traditional art were on the rise. The same trading posts that brought modern containers to the reservation opened up the outside market to Navajo-made goods, especially the popular wool rugs. Soon the lure of trade goods or cash for rugs and the fact that the production of ceremonial basketry was governed by formal rules and taboos, led most weavers to focus on rug weaving. But the need for ceremonial baskets remained strong and neighboring Ute and Paiute weavers, not subject to the same taboos as the Navajos, soon produced most of the ceremonial baskets needed by the Navajos. They sold or traded them to trading posts where they were then traded or sold to Navajo patients or medicine men, creating a rotation of baskets within communities that required fewer baskets and fewer weavers despite a growing population. At that point, most observers agree that Navajo basketry had basically died out and that the well-known red, black and white Navajo wedding basket, was the product of non-Navajo weavers.

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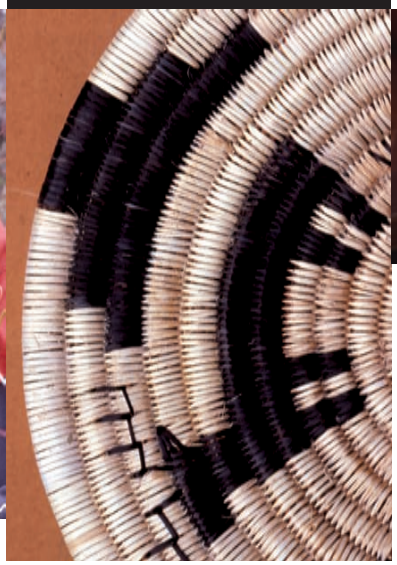
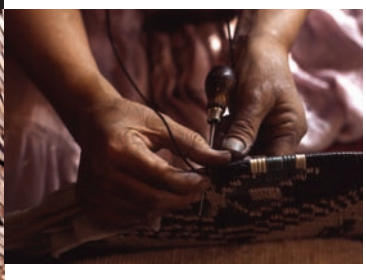
There are numerous interpretations for the meaning of the red, black and white Navajo wedding basket pattern. Some say the white center of the wedding basket portrays either Mother Earth or the beginning of the life; the black stepped terraces either clouds or mountains; and the red circular band either sunrays or a rainbow. The break in the circular pattern, used to orient the basket in the ritually appropriate easterly direction, is sometimes said to symbolize the emergence from the underworld at the time of creation as well as the entrance through which the Holy People come and go. Most agree the design in some way symbolizes the journey through life and many consider the act of weaving a ceremonial basket, from the center outward, to parallel that journey while building harmony and balance between the weaver and her surroundings. Of great ceremonial significance to the Navajo for many generations, this distinctive design is now in much wider use, and has been incorporated into beadwork, textiles and paintings both within and outside the tribe. For many, native and non-native alike, this design has come to symbolize contemporary Native American identity.

Etta Rock, Navajo ceremonial jug weaver, Bluff (2004).

TOP LEFT TO RIGHT: Wedding basket by Paiute/Ute Mountain Ute weaver Lola Mike (1988). Double wedding basket by Paiute/Ute Mountain Ute weaver Virginia Goodman (1989). Double wedding basket by Ute Mountain Ute weaver Susan Whyte (ca. 1980).





Minnie Dick, Shoshone weaver, harvesting willow, Lee, Nevada (1980). Section of basket by Kee Bitsinnie (1990). The hands of Mary Holiday Black weaving sumac, Mexican Hat (1994).

The Weaving Process

Much of the work and time required to make baskets is spent gathering and preparing the willow, or young stalks of sumac (*Rhus trilobata*), that grows near water and is hard to find in the desert. Interestingly, the banks of Utah's Green River have long been a source for local Paiute, Ute and Navajo weavers contributing, perhaps, to the maintenance of basket-making skills in this area. After harvesting, a portion of the willow is split three ways, by holding the end of the willow with the teeth while pulling it apart with both hands, producing three thin strips or splints, ready to be trimmed, de-barked and sometimes dyed with vegetable or commercial dyes. The actual weaving requires coiling together several un-split willows, called rods, to create a shape that spirals outwards, counterclockwise from the center. Then using an awl or ice pick to punch a path through the coiled rods, the weaver inserts the splints of thin, peeled and dyed willow, tightly wrapping them around two layers of rods, moving from the center outwards. Ultimately, it is this repeated process of binding rods together with strips or splints of willow that produces the basket.

Sally Black, Navajo weaver, splitting sumac, Monument Valley (1995).

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LEFT TO RIGHT: Wedding basket by Paiute/Ute Mountain Ute weaver Stella Eyetoo (1989). Bowl-shaped modified wedding basket with human figures by Paiute/Ute Mountain Ute weaver Stella Eyetoo (ca. 1980). Modified wedding basket with eagle by Ute Mountain Ute weaver Nedra Ketchum (ca. 1980).

TOP: Stella Eyetoo and her daughter, Virginia Goodman, Paiute/Ute Mountain Ute weavers, White Mesa (1989). BOTTOM: Rachel Eyetoo, Ute Mountain Ute weaver, White Mesa (1988).

The Transitional Process

Although it is difficult to pinpoint exactly when basket weavers in southeastern Utah first began modifying ceremonial baskets by adding figures and other images to the distinctive red, black and white design, it appears that sometime during the1950s Ute and Paiute weavers from the Ute Mountain Ute Reservation, in the community of White Mesa just south of Blanding, were doing precisely that. Two decades later, trader William Simpson, remembering having seen weavers working on figurative baskets as a young man living in Bluff, began asking local Ute weavers from White Mesa to bring him baskets with those designs. Though most of their baskets continued to feature the traditional ceremonial design in order to meet the needs of the local Navajo market, some weavers included or featured other images, often animals or people, providing baskets for the growing tourist market in the area. Without knowing it, they were taking the first steps in the development of a brand new style of basket that would ultimately be recognized throughout the Indian art world and beyond.

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Modified wedding basket with ducks by Navajo weaver Anderson Black (1993).

Exploration

In the 1970s a burgeoning Indian art market led traders like Virginia "Chin" Smith from Oljato near Navajo Mountain as well as William Simpson in the Blanding-Bluff area to recognize the inherent artistry of traditional baskets and encourage native weavers to produce baskets that would appeal to buyers beyond the local Navajo market. While Simpson encouraged the Utes to once again include animal and human figures in their baskets, Virginia Smith used photographs of art from other cultures to stimulate Navajo weavers. She showed them prehistoric pottery and rock art from the ancient Anasazi and Mimbres who had lived in the region and contemporary designs from neighboring Apache, Hopi, Paiute, Pima and Papago (now Tohono O'odham) tribes. A few Navajo weavers became interested and began to include these geometric and pictorial images in their work.

During this period, some Navajo weavers also expanded upon tradition by modifying the basic ceremonial design, just like neighboring Ute and Paiute weavers had done before them. They added birds, deer, butterflies and rabbits to the familiar red, black and white ceremonial basket, leaving

Oversized ceremonial baskets by Mary Holiday Black displayed at Twin Rocks Trading Post, Bluff.

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Mary Holiday Black, Mexican Hat (1994).

elements of the traditional designs adjacent to images of animals and humans. At least one weaver, Mary Holiday Black, also experimented by stretching the technical aspects of basket weaving. She gathered and processed local plants, producing vegetable dyes to give her baskets more traditional colors. She also experimented with size, weaving ceremonial-style trays and traditional jug shapes in both miniature sizes and in sizes up to three or four times too large for conventional use.

TOP LEFT: Basket with does by Navajo weaver Eleanor Cly Rock (ca. 1980).
TOP RIGHT: Wedding basket with horses made using vegetable dye by Mary Holiday Black (ca. 1975).
BOTTOM: Set of tray and bowl shaped baskets by Elsie Holiday (1995).

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Emergence of the Tradition

Having expanded her imagery to include pictorial and geometric designs from other native cultures, and having explored many of the technical aspects of basketry, sometime during the late 1970s, Mary Holiday Black embarked on a new direction. Encouraged by local traders and stimulated by the reaction of the marketplace, she started looking for other ways, closer to home, to further develop her art. An accomplished rug weaver, Mary easily transferred geometric rug designs into her baskets. Then, just as a number of rug weavers had done a few decades earlier, she began incorporating into her work the sacred images and designs inspired by the prayers and rituals of medicine men.

Before long, Mary's baskets included representations of the Ye'ii — those sacred beings sent by the gods to help and heal the People and keep balance in the world. Though the use of these sacred images made some of her Navajo neighbors in her very traditional area uncomfortable, Mary persisted, trying to alleviate any bad consequences by regularly participating in ceremonies

Eleanor Cly Rock, Navajo weaver, Douglas Mesa (1994).

LEFT TO RIGHT: Basket with butterflies and wedding basket elements by Navajo weaver Sally Black (ca. 1980).
Modified ceremonial bowl-shaped basket with horse heads by Navajo weaver Mary Holiday Black (2003).
Basket with rabbits and wedding basket elements by Navajo weaver Jeannie Bitsinnie Begay (ca. 1986).

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Evelyn Rock Cly, Navajo weaver, Mexican Hat (1994).

designed to maintain balance with her surroundings. Before long, she was not simply weaving symbolic or sacred images, but carefully combining several images that naturally went together, to depict traditional stories or ceremonies. The result of her courage and creativity was the development of a totally new, contemporary Navajo art form, the Navajo story basket, that visually depicts Navajo legends and beliefs, sharing them with both a younger often less traditional Navajo generation, and an eager outside audience interested in glimpsing Navajo culture through art.

One of the first baskets to actually tell a story depicted the fire dance, an ancient all-night Navajo ceremony that has not been performed regularly for many years but was originally part of the lengthy nine-day Hail Chant, designed to demonstrate the power of the medicine man. In

TOP: Rainbow Yei basket by Navajo weaver Mary Holiday Black (ca. 1980).

BOTTOM: Ceremonial Friendship basket by Navajo weaver Mary Holiday Black (2002).

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the same way that dancers participating in this ceremony alternate throughout the night, the basket features dancers alternating with the flaming sagebrush that lights their way. Perhaps most importantly, through this work of art, images from an almost extinct Navajo ceremony have been preserved and can be experienced by everyone.

Mary's courage in using sacred imagery in her work certainly influenced the next generation of weavers who include her four daughters and four of her seven sons. Her daughter Lorraine's playful rendition of the non-existent Coyote Woman illustrates the imagination and creativity Mary's courage unleashed. In 1995, Mary was recognized for her contributions to Navajo basketry when she received a National Heritage Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Bonnie Bitsinnie, Navajo weaver, Bluff (1995).

TOP: Fire Dance basket by Navajo weaver Mary Holiday Black (ca. 1980).

BOTTOM: Coyote Woman basket by Navajo weaver Lorraine Black (1994).

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Flowering of the Tradition

Changing Bear Woman Basket Sally Black, eldest daughter of Mary Holiday Black, wove this intricate story basket depicting Changing Bear Woman who married Coyote after he killed a giant to win her hand. It illustrates how her brothers, though unhappy to hear of her marriage, agreed to take Coyote hunting with them. But Coyote behaved badly, fighting over a mountain sheep that one of the brothers had killed. So they sent him home, ahead of them, to deliver the meat. But on the way, Coyote gambled with the Otter People and insulted the Cliff People who caught and killed him. When the brothers returned home without Coyote, his distraught wife used the knowledge he had given her to turn herself into a bear and terrorize those who had killed him. Ultimately, she even killed her brothers, except for the youngest who, prompted by the wind, outran her and destroyed her hidden heart and lungs, the key to her powers. This basket features Coyote and Changing Bear Woman along with her bear image. The big-horned sheep, the otter, the cliff swallows and the squirrel who tried to protect her vitals from her youngest brother are all there, as well as two Ye'ii, and Small-Wind-and-Knife boy who helped her brother win the fight. All twelve brothers are portrayed in four groups around the edge representing the four sacred mountains that surround Navajo land depicted in the colors of the four sacred directions towards which they fled while trying to escape their sister.

Sally Black with her Changing Bear Woman story basket, Blanding (1994).

Sandpainting Story Basket As part of religious and cultural rituals, Navajo medicine men create colorful sand paintings by carefully pouring sand on the ground to make designs of sacred images that express Navajo beliefs. Ceremonies are conducted to heal someone who is ill, whether physically, mentally or spiritually, by restoring what is known as "hózhó," or balance, between the patient and his or her surroundings.

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Sandpainting story basket by weaver Lorraine Black (1998).

As a result, sand paintings must be extremely precise and balanced so that harmony can return. Lorraine Black's basket displays a variety of carefully balanced sacred images taken from sand paintings. In the center of the basket are the eyes and mouth of the sun representing the origin of life, carefully flanked by two Ye'ii, two sacred plants, four sets of eagle feathers that function as messengers between the worlds, and four rainbows that provide protection.

Lorraine Black with her Horned Toad story basket, Monument Valley (1994).

Horned Toad Story Basket Lorraine Black, Mary Holiday Black's third daughter, weaves unique story baskets that generally feature mythological characters or figures from reservation life and they are often inspired by her dreams. This basket features the horned toad, guardian of the Navajo. The horned toad is believed to chip out arrowheads with his breath and leave them for people to use in protecting themselves. Here a stone toad is attached at the center of the basket, surrounded by arrow heads that are both woven into the basket and attached as three-dimensional stone pieces. The food and water the horned toad needs for sustenance are represented by three corn plants and three broken blue lines. Arrowheads protect him from the dark elongated shapes located just above his tail that represent the evil spirit from the supernatural world. And around the edge of the basket are geometric designs that symbolize lightning and the natural world from which one must also be protected.

Navajo weaver Elsie Holiday, Bluff (2004).

Placing the Stars Basket Like her seven sisters, Peggy Rock Black learned both rug and basket weaving, as a child, by watching her mother and grandmother at work. Her vast knowledge of traditional stories, myths and legends also comes from her rich childhood. Today she weaves a variety of story baskets ranging from those designs created in collaboration with local traders, to large baskets that combine a number of visual elements into intricate collages expressing Navajo beliefs or concerns. Placing the Stars tells of an incident that took place in the Fifth World when First Man decided to give the people light at night by carefully placing glowing pieces of star-rock in the sky. After he had created the North Star and designed and built several other constellations, First Man was interrupted by Coyote, the trickster, who wanted to help but lacked First Man's patience. Stealing the buckskin bag of mica, Coyote placed three large red stars for himself and then blew the remaining pieces of rock-mica into the nighttime sky, creating the Milky Way, a reminder of the disorder resulting from his impatience. Divided into two parts that represent the opposing forces of night and day and of good and evil, this story basket visually balances Coyote's misdeeds against First Man's good deeds, restoring "hózhó" to the world.

Big Monster Basket Jenny Rock's Big Monster basket tells of a time before this world when monsters roamed the earth. The monsters, offspring of women who had abused themselves while separated from men during the Fourth World, killed many of the people. Soon afterwards First Man found a female in the form of turquoise, who was the daughter of Earth Mother Earth and Father Sky. She became Changing Woman, the mother of the first four clans of humans and of the courageous Hero Twins — Monster Slayer and Child Born of Water. The

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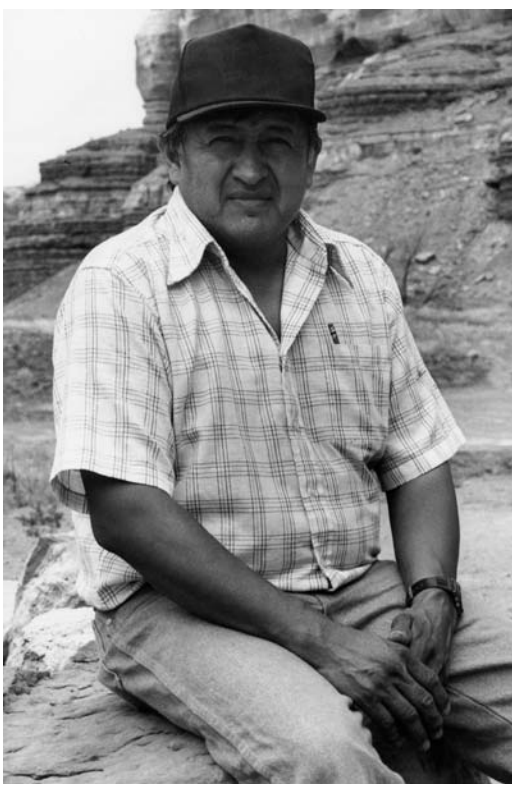
LEFT TO RIGHT: Turkey Basket by Eleanor Rock (1994). Placing the Stars story basket by Peggy Rock Black (1995). Big Monster story basket by Jennie Rock (1993).

father of the Twins, the Sun, gave them weapons to protect themselves from the monsters as they fought to make the world safe once again. He provided rainbows for them to walk on, lightning bolts for arrows, and flint knives and armor for protections. Big Monster, who lived in the south on Mount Taylor was one of their most powerful foes and the first monster the Twins encountered and conquered. Most Navajos would consider it very risky to reproduce this image of extreme evil and visually tell this story. As a result, Jenny has woven a circle of protective flint arrowheads around the basket's outside edge. They help tell of Big Monster's demise while enclosing his dangerous image and balancing his inherent evil with the protective power of goodness.

Turkey Basket According to Navajo legend, the People traveled through four worlds before reaching the world of today. As they emerged from the Fourth World into the Fifth, they fled the flood rising behind them through a reed. As they escaped, each brought along their most important personal treasure. They were anxious to get away, and to contain the water, and were impatient as they waited for Turkey who came through last. When they realized that Turkey was the only one who brought along seeds to help them grow food in their new home, they were both humbled and ashamed. Eleanor Cly Rock, who wove this beautiful basket, grew up in a family of rug weavers. When she married into the

Navajo weaver Kee Bitsinnie, Bluff (1994).



Rock family, who specialized in basketry, she learned the skill from her mother-in-law Grace Rock and her sisters-in-law, Peggy Rock Black and Evelyn Rock Cly.

Separation of the Sexes This large story basket, woven by Agnes Black Gray, the second oldest daughter of Mary Holiday Black, depicts a complex Navajo myth about an argument between First Man and First Woman that took place in the Fourth World. It tells of a quarrel about who was more important in providing their food. First Man finally got so angry that he moved to the other side of the river, taking all of the men and the Hermaphrodite Twins with him, while Coyote and Big Monster stayed with the women. In the end, First Man and First Woman finally realized they could not get along without each other, apologized and came together again. The blue river that separated them goes through the middle of the basket while the stalks of corn that were the subject of the argument circle all of the characters.

Agnes Black Gray with Separation of the Sexes story basket, Monument Valley (1995).

Creative Eclecticism

Today, weavers continue to produce story baskets that depict specific legends, beliefs or eremonies and some patterns like the "Changing Bear Woman," "Separation of the Sexes," or the widely woven "Placing the Stars" have achieved classic status. But perhaps the most exciting aspect of the development of contemporary Navajo basketry is that the experimentation and creativity of the 1970s continues and there appears to be unending room for self-expression within the genre. Today the dozen or so artists, for whom weaving is almost a full-time career, are producing some of the most beautiful baskets yet.

Some continue the exploration of form by weaving not only the well-known shallow tray but also bowl-shaped baskets or the upright jar or olla form — modifications of the coiled basketry vessels made for centuries and coated inside and out with piñon pine pitch to store water or use ceremonially. Others weave baskets in a series of from two to five baskets, creating

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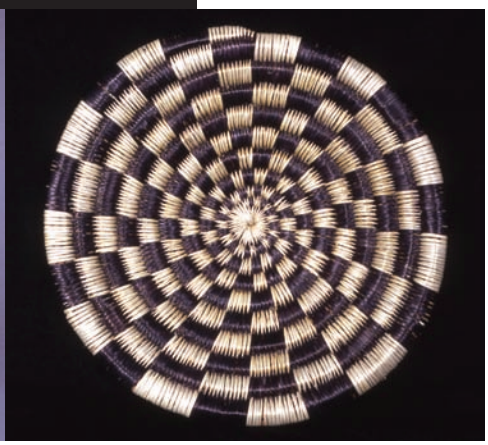

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LEFT: Changing Woman basket by Elsie Holiday (2001). RIGHT: Illusionary basket by Kee Bitsinnie (1995).

a series of trays or a matching jar, bowl and tray that function like a diptych, triptych or larger series to tell a story or transmit a visual experience, now there is a healthy market for these sets among collectors and museums.

The same experimentation continues with basket imagery. Some still find inspiration in other Navajo arts as evidenced by Kee Bitsinnie's illusionary baskets whose intricate geometric patterns function like the "eye-dazzler" designs of earlier rug weavers or Alicia Nelson's complex sand painting baskets inspired by medicine men's ancient designs. Others, like Peggy Rock Black and Lorraine Black, weave "collages" that creatively bring together multiple, sometimes unexpected, images to make a more personal interpretation of some aspect of Navajo belief or culture.

Lorraine Black with her 2002 Winter Olympics collage basket (2002).

Nowhere is this creativity more evident than in the growing number of baskets that have moved from pictorial imagery to the abstract. Once again, Mary Holiday Black took the lead. In her "Home of the Butterflies," inspired by a cautionary tale about incest, she changes the colorful images of butterflies into abstract forms, resulting in a much stronger visual statement that expresses the beauty of butterflies being liberated through an act of violence. Likewise, among the strongest of Elsie Holiday's many versions of "Changing Bear Woman," woven as individual baskets or in a series and inspired by the paintings of the late Native American artist, Helen Hardin, are those in which she has abstracted the face, suggesting

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the complexity inherent in this mythological character. Abstraction is also basic to Joann Johnson's non-pictorial, geometric designs that explore color and form in much the same way as the American color field painters of the 1950s and 60s.

The Future

The rebirth of Navajo basketry on Douglas Mesa during the last twenty years and the development of the Navajo story basket have contributed to the preservation and perpetuation of both Navajo stories and Navajo craft. Through basketry these artists are helping the younger generation regain and maintain their heritage by crafting visual reminders of cultural values, beliefs and concerns. And by weaving story baskets that incorporate elements of traditional belief and legend into masterpieces of visual storytelling, contemporary Navajo basket weavers are also sharing the essence of their unique culture with the rest of the world. It is exhilarating to speculate about what might develop as both the next generation of weavers and this magnificent art form mature.

TOP: Fields of Color basket by Joann Johnson (2004).

BOTTOM: Olla-shaped basket with geometric designs made by Elsie Holiday (1995).

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PEOPLES OF UTAH, UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Dynamics of Multi-Ethnicity in Twentieth-Century Carbon County, Utah

BY DAVID STANLEY

Carbon County is renowned in Utah as perhaps the most ethnically diverse, multicultural area in the state.[1] Even before the completion of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad through the county in 1883, the first coal mines at Scofield/Winter Quarters had begun operation. The D&RG, as it was later to be known, opened new mines at Castle Gate and Sunnyside and later, in the first two decades of the twentieth century, at Kenilworth, Spring Canyon, Gordon Creek, Hiawatha, Mohrland, Latuda, Consumers, and Wattis. The mines required railroad spurs and branch lines, maintenance facilities, shops, stores, boarding houses, and, of course, labor. The demand for coal in the Intermountain West—for home heating and cooking, smelters, railroad fuel, and other uses—created jobs that in turn attracted men (and a few women) to eastern Utah. Many of these were unskilled immigrants with little or no education and little or no English. They came from all over the world, at first from the British Isles, Finland, and China, later from Italy, Greece, the Balkans, Japan, and Mexico, as well as from Canada and from various parts of the United States.

Greek immigrants gather at Sunnyside for the baptism of George Hemonas, ca. 1920.

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[1] This essay owes much to the knowledge, research, and insights of Hal Cannon, Carol Edison, Craig Fuller, Alice Kasai, Craig Miller, Philip F. Notarianni, Allan Kent Powell, Steve Siporin, Nancy Taniguchi, and, most especially, Helen Papanikolas. Research for this project has been supported by the Delmont R. Oswald Memorial Fellowship of the Utah Humanities Council and by a sabbatical research leave granted by Westminster College. The Folk Arts Program of the Utah Arts Council has provided invaluable assistance through its archives.

The result was a remarkably diverse population in Price and Helper and in the little communities that sprouted around active mines. In most cases, immigrants grouped together in boarding houses or small homes rented from the mining company—the groupings were sometimes voluntary, sometimes imposed by the mine corporation—so that "Greek Town" and similar (or more offensive) sobriquets were commonly heard. Nevertheless, children from many immigrant groups attended school together, like-religionists went to church together, and ethnic groups encountered each other in shops, in the street, and at dances and concerts.

The great majority of studies concerning the history of immigration and ethnicity in the United States has concentrated on a single suitably defined and easily identifiable group positioned in a community, rural or urban, where another, larger group dominates. The tendency of scholars has been to view the minority community as a homogeneous entity deriving its identity in contrast to the majority group, particularly in ties to the customs and culture of the old country and in the development of a consciously asserted ethnic membership. Especially has this been the case with North American studies, most of which have viewed ethnicity as a phenomenon applicable to individuals of a particular racial, national, or religious background with behaviors or self-conceptions substantially different from those of the White, Anglo-Saxon, mostly Protestant majority.[2] Many immigrant and ethnic communities, however, are characterized by a complex polyethnic structure with a high degree of interdependence and interaction among members of various groups. In such cases, ethnic identity and behavior become dynamic and situational, particularly with regard to stereotyping within and among groups, foodways, and music.

Utah's Carbon County may serve as a particularly vivid example of polyethnicity, particularly during the first half of the twentieth century. Because the Mormon majority that prevailed in the rest of the state was a distinct minority in Carbon County, and because there existed a complex of groups of varying national origins, power—political, social, and economic—has

[2] This insistence on describing ethnic groups only in relation to the dominant majority has been maintained regardless of the particular metaphorical or conceptual tack taken by the researcher. Peter Kivisto, in "Overview: Thinking about Ethnicity"in *The Ethnic Enigma: The Salience of Ethnicity for European-Origin Groups*, ed Kivisto (Philadelphia: Balch Institute Press, 1989), 11, refers to "the lack of conceptual clarity informing ethnic theory as it is applied to the American landscape" as reflected in "the recurrent recourse to a wide range of metaphors to depict this ethnic experience, the most prevalent including the melting pot, the transmuting pot, the ethnic mosaic, the tapestry, the symphonic orchestra, and the salad bowl." Each of these metaphors–whether based in notions of acculturation and assimilation, cultural pluralism or democratic tolerance–suggests, as with the salad ingredients, that each ethnic group is an independent entity defined in relation to the larger mass, the salad. Surprisingly, the pathbreaking work of the Norwegian sociologist Fredrik Barth, who asserted that ethnicity is most suitably viewed in terms of boundaries between groups, has often been used to contribute to these assumptions, largely because the metaphors of edges, lines, walls, and boundaries suggest an uncrossable physical separation between groups. In fact, Barth discusses at some length what he calls "complex poly-ethnic societies" in which "ethnic groups can make stable and symbiotic adaptations to each other." See Barth's "Introduction," *Ethnic Groups and Boundaries: The Social Organization of Culture Difference*, ed. Barth (Boston: Little, Brown, 1969), 19.

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At Sunnyside, Nakagi, pictured here with his family, was boss among the Japanese miners.

often swayed and shifted over the years. So, too, has the nature of ethnic identity and ethnic definition, which in Carbon County has often been just as dynamic as the local cultures. At times, individuals would self-identify as immigrants or native-born; at other times they might identify themselves by language, religion, or place of national origin. Ethnicity, as has often been said, is a matter of choice and situation, not of birth or blood.

By one account, twenty-six different nationalities could be identified in the coal-mining and railroading town of Helper around 1920.[3] The most numerous were Greeks, Italians, South Slavs, Japanese, and "Mormons," themselves owing their origins primarily to Great Britain, northern Europe, the Midwest, and New England. But ethnic boundaries in this region were hardly stable or well established, for both internal and external reasons. The immigrants, adults and children alike, tended to view all fair-skinned speakers of English as what they called "Americans," which was almost always synonymous with the Mormon population, many of whom had recently crossed the mountains from Sanpete County. Included in this grouping of "Americans" were people of Welsh, Irish, Scots, and English ancestry, and, not infrequently, Norwegians, Swedes, and especially Danes, some first-generation, some second- or third-generation. Regardless of ethnic heritage, a substantial number of these "Americans" were non-LDS in religion as well.

Perhaps in retaliation, the so-called "Americans" referred to all others with the blanket term "foreigner," regardless of citizenship or birthright.

[3] C. H. Madsen, ed., *Carbon County: A History Compiled by Interested Carbonites*. April 1947. Mimeographed typescript, n.p., 22. University of Utah, Marriott Library Special Collections.

Along with the usual ethnic epithets—"Dago," "Chink," "Greaser"—was the universal adjective "dirty," as in "dirty Greek," "dirty Wop," or, improbably, "dirty Jap." Immigrants and their children were also called, even more improbably, "darkies."[4] But the division of the Carbon County world into darkness and light was complicated by further misapprehensions. All South Slavs, for example, were called "Austrians" because they were presumed to come from the Austro-Hungarian empire, a far larger geographical area than present-day Austria. These "Austrians" spoke several different languages—rarely German—and were variously Orthodox, Catholic, Protestant, and even Moslem, depending on whether they came from Croatia, Slovenia, Serbia, or other parts of southern Europe. Central Europeans of all stripes were called "Bohunks," a strange verbal mingling of "Bohemian" and "Hungarian." No distinction was made between native language, ethnic history, or religion, so that Catholic Croats and Orthodox Serbs were lumped together, to their considerable discomfort. Similarly, Yannis Mandanas, an immigrant from the island of Crete, recalled working as a miner in Carbon County in 1909.

> I sometimes got in fights with other Americans and even other Greeks, but not with Cretans. There were a lot of Cretans there at the time working in the mines. We had our own life there, with *kafeneia* [coffee shops] and a Greek restaurant. The Americans didn't like us much and later there was some trouble with the sheriff because he said we were Catholic, he didn't know any better and put us together with the Italians in his own mind. I didn't give a damn.[5]

The lumping together of ethnic groups by the Anglo-Mormons tended to exacerbate historical and political antipathies, especially because of the tendency for Utah Mormons to view themselves as a distinct ethnic group within the national context of the United States. This self-defined identity was a result of historical events as well as religious beliefs and practices. Even with groups that had a common language and religion, there were divisions. Mainland Greeks were suspicious and resentful of Cretans, and vice-versa, because of historical differences over republican vs. monarchical rule and because mainland Greeks had unwittingly been strikebreakers when Cretans and others went out on strike in the copper mines of Salt Lake County in 1912.[6] Northern and southern Italians also disliked each other: the southern Italians sneered at the northerners as *mangiapolenti,* "cornmeal eaters," and even founded separate fraternal lodges.[7]

[4] Joseph Stipanovich, *The South Slavs in Utah: A Social History. (*San Francisco: R & E Research Associates, 1975), 64.

[5] George James Patterson Jr., *The Unassimilated Greeks of Denver.* (New York: AMS Press, 1989), 115.

[6] Helen Z. Papanikolas, "The Exiled Greeks," in *The Peoples of Utah*, ed. Helen Z. Papanikolas (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, 1976), 419. See also Allan Kent Powell, *The Next Time We Strike: Labor in Utah's Coal Fields, 1900-1933* (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1985), 10.

[7] Steve Siporin, "Folklife and Survival: The Italian-Americans of Carbon County, Utah," in *Old Ties, New Attachments: Italian-American Folklife in the West*, eds. David A. Taylor and John Alexander Williams (Washington, DC: Library of Congress, 1992), 84. See also Philip F. Notarianni, "Italian Fraternal Organizations in Utah, 1897-1934," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 43 (Spring 1975): 172-87.

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Lebanese patriarchs in Carbon County 1921: Abe ('Brahim) Howa, Mose Howa, Sam Sheya, John M. Howa and Amen Howa.

Yet in times of crisis, many of the immigrant groups came together for the common good—and it is surprising how much common cause, rather than competition, that immigrants created with groups other than their own. Italians and Greeks led a number of strikes between 1903 and 1933, strikes largely resisted by the Mormons because they feared giving immigrants more power and because they saw their part-time earnings (most were miners in winter, when demand for coal was high, and farmers in the summer) threatened by men who wanted year-round work.[8] The unmarried status of most of the immigrant workers also led to a certain commonality, as in railroad gangs made up of Japanese and Greeks. As Helen Papanikolas notes, "The early association of Greeks and Japanese lasted during their prolonged bachelorhoods. They wrestled, vied with each other in feats of strength, and were favorite card-playing companions."[9] One reminiscence from that period recalled a near-lynching after a young Greek man took an "American" girl "not quite of age" out of town on the stagecoach. Greeks and Italians together resisted the mob that formed, and one Italian commented, "If it would happen to a Greek it could be an Italian next."[10]

Another influence on the shifting boundaries of ethnic identity was the church. Catholic churches served Croats, Slovenes, Italians, Latinos, French, Irish, and native-born Americans; Greek Orthodox churches in Salt Lake City and Price were used not only by mainland Greeks and Cretans but by

[8] Ronald G. Watt, *A History of Carbon County* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Carbon County Commission, 1997), 177-78.

[9] Papanikolas, "The Exiled Greeks," 414.

[10] Helen Z. Papanikolas, "The Greeks of Carbon County," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 22 (April 1954): 153.

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An English family in Carbon County.

Serbs and perhaps by Russians and other eastern Europeans. Yet in Joseph Stipanovich's words, "These churches did not . . . function as 'melting pots' where ethnic differences were dissipated, as has been postulated by some scholars. Except for the Mass, the people used the church in ethnic groups, not as a congregational whole."[11] Nevertheless, the seating together in the same building of Cretans and mainland Greeks, of northern and southern Italians, of Croats and Slovenes, and the necessity of raising funds to erect and maintain buildings and to support priests, must have further contributed to the flexibility of ethnic boundaries. Similarly, coffee houses, restaurants, saloons, and food stores served a variety of ethnic groups.[12]

In schoolyards, resentment between native-born and immigrant children, between "Americans" and "foreigners," was often expressed in fighting, in taunts, and in stereotypical ascriptions. Helen Papanikolas recalled shouting contests between native-born blond Mormon boys and the dark-haired sons of Italian immigrants:

[11] Joseph Stipanovich, "Falcons in Flight: The Yugoslavs," in *The Peoples of Utah*, 378. See also Watt, *History of Carbon County*, 240.

[12] The intermingling of ethnic groups in social situations served, paradoxically, to create cooperative action *and* ethnic definition. As Fredrik Barth says, "ethnic distinctions do not depend on an absence of social interaction and acceptance, but are quite the contrary often the very foundations on which embracing social systems are built." Barth, *Ethnic Groups and Boundaries*, 10.

Suddenly the ruthless heat was pierced with shouts. The Bonacci boys on the boundaries of their yard and white-haired boys across the dusty road were screaming at each other: "Dirty Wops, go back where you came from!" "Yellow Mormon cowards, take one step closer, we dare you!" "Eat-a da spaghet! Ha! Ha!" "Aw, go eat your Mormon mashed potatoes!" "Dirty Catholics, wear your religion 'round your necks!" "Sappy Mormons, wear your peekaboo garments!" Mrs. Bonacci ran out waving her broom, and sons and white-haired boys scattered at her torrent of South-Italian dialect. I learned early to keep the cross my godfather had given me at baptism hidden inside my collar.[13]

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The availability of fresh grown Utah watermelon was an occasion for a social gathering.

The adults had similar derisive opinions. The American style of celebrating Easter with candy, decorated eggs, Easter baskets, and crepe paper drew disdain from Greeks for whom Orthodox Easter usually fell on a different Sunday.[14] Greeks also referred to Mormons as "unsalted," referring to their blandness of food and personality, and commented that their pale eyebrows looked like those of a roasted pig. Other statements included, "They have water in their veins" and "Their faces would crack if they smiled."[15]

It should be clear that this coal-mining region supported a variety of ethnic groups that constantly realigned and redefined themselves according to both esoteric (supporting the in-group) and exoteric (demeaning the Other) factors.[16] Self-ascription was flexible and dependent on both situation and context; individuals at one moment might see themselves—or be seen by others—as "foreigners" or "darkies." At the next, they might be Greeks or Austrians. Still later, Cretans or Serbs. At any time, they might

[13] Helen Z. Papanikolas"Growing Up Greek in Helper, Utah." *Utah Historical Quarterly* 48 (Summer 1980): 250.

[14] Helen Papanikolas, Nick Papanikolas, and Mary Pappas Lines, interview with David Stanley, Salt Lake City, June 1987.

[15] Helen Papanikolas, "Greek Folklore of Carbon County," in *Lore of Faith and Folly*, ed. Thomas E. Cheney (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1971), 62. See also Papanikolas, "Ethnicity in Mormondom: A Comparison of Immigrant and Mormon Cultures, " in *"Soul-Butter and Hog Wash" and Other Essays on the American West*, ed. Thomas G. Alexander (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1979), 93.

[16] William Hugh Jansen, "The Esoteric-Exoteric Factor in Folkore," *Fabula: Journal of Folktale Studies* 2 (1959): 205-11; Rept. in *The Study of Folklore*, ed. Alan Dundes (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1965), 43-56.

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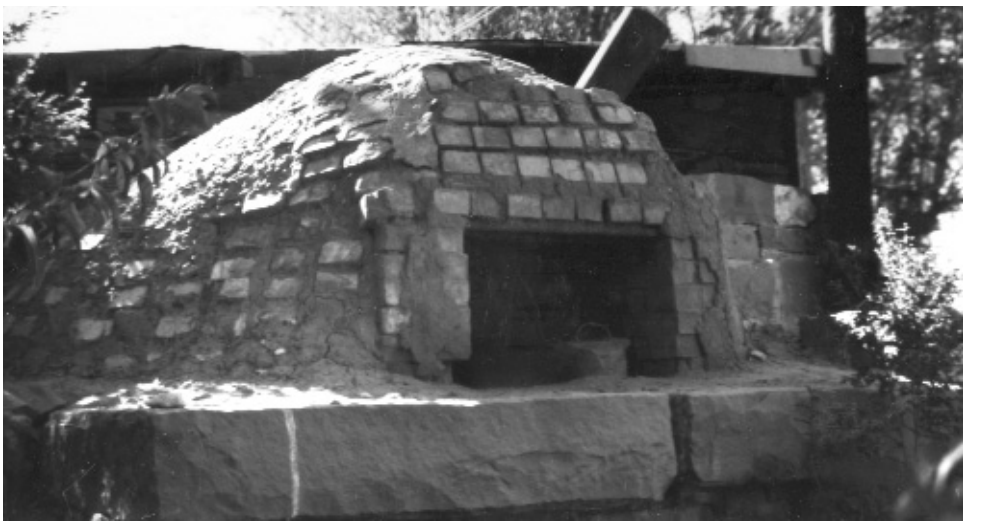
Serbian immigrants attend the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Tilich in Price.

develop alignments with a traditional enemy, or, conversely, might have their ongoing historical resentments doubled by current political, social, or economic conditions. Boundaries between ethnic groups resembled the ethnic landscape they inhabited; the city of Helper had its Wop Town, Bohunk Town, Nigger Town, and Greek Town, but in smaller communities near the mines lived a sometimes chaotic and bewildering variety of nationalities, languages, and religions.

Helen Papanikolas recalled that her mother Emilia owned a "dream book" that enabled her to interpret dreams and omens. "Throughout the day neighborhood women came to the kitchen, often to have my mother interpret their dreams. Crowded by coal stove, sink with wooden drainboard, green cupboard, and oilcloth-covered table, my mother served coffee and read from her dream book." For visitors who spoke only French or Italian, Emilia could translate the interpretations, for she had learned these and several other languages growing up in Constantinople.[17] And Sarah "Killarney" Reynolds, a neighbor, played Irish tunes on the accordion and explained American customs and cures to newly arrived immigrant women. She also taught American cooking, so that a typical immigrant

[17] Papanikolas, "Growing Up Greek," 246-47.



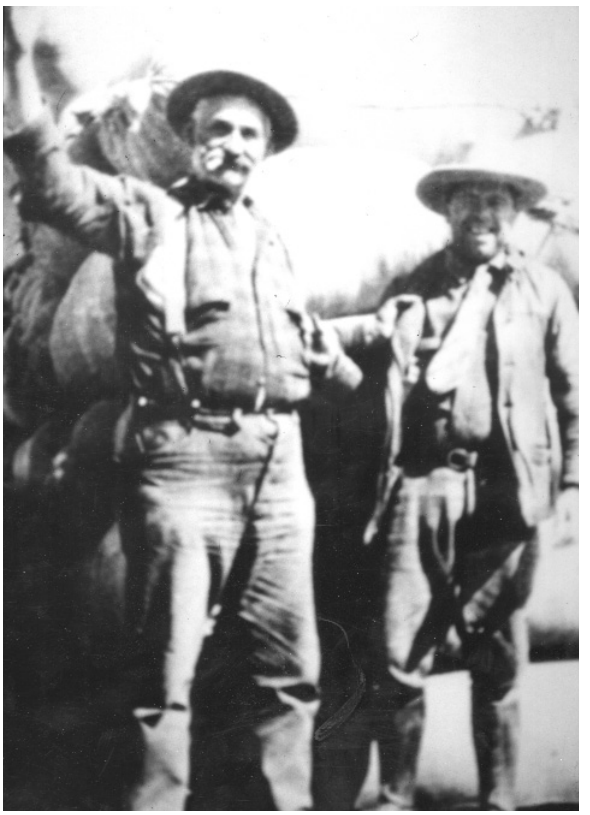
An outdoor bake oven used by immigrants for baking bread.

table might feature on any given day foods ranging from traditionally ethnic to the ubiquitous open-faced roast beef sandwich with brown gravy.[18]

Other foodways altered the boundaries of ethnicity as well. The Japanese boarding house, where bachelor miners lived, served an American breakfast of bacon and eggs and pancakes and provided cold cuts and white bread for sandwiches to take to the mine; supper, however, was traditional Japanese. A young Japanese-American girl was frequently invited to an Italian friend's house for lunch, which was typically bread with gravy and fried potatoes.[19] The Irish accordion-playing Killarney taught her Greek neighbor how to make Irish fruitcake but also American cookies and even pies. From other neighbors, the Greek housewife absorbed Italian antipasto and sausage-making as well as the preparation of French custards.[20]

Food was obtained from an equal variety of sources. A Greek family might buy cheese from Italians and garden produce and apples from French families, and trade Greek vegetables for Italian bread cooked in backyard domed ovens. One woman reminisced from her childhood, "In a little hillside bakery, in Greek Town, two Italian bakers named Cianfichi and Chiavini complicated an incongruous situation by making incomparable French bread."[21] Bakeries such as this one produced not only a variety of breads and holiday specialties to suit ethnic preferences, but also prepared doughnuts, sweet rolls, cookies, cakes, and pies. This ever-changing and wholly adaptable menu, shifting as it did from family to family, points to the most important facts of ethnic expression—that attitudes and values are

[18] Ibid., 248.
[19] Alice Kasai, interview with David Stanley, Salt Lake City, April 1987.
[20] Papanikolas, Papanikolas, and Lines, interview with David Stanley.
[21] Virginia Hanson, "I Remember Hiawatha," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 40 (Summer 1972): 267.



PEOPLES OF UTAH COLLECTION, UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

French sheepherders Henri Dusserre and Harry Mahleras.

incorporated into the tale, the song, the custom, the food. As Steve Siporin has observed, "It is the *quality* of the ingredients and *care* of preparation—rather than the eating of specifically Southern Italian dishes as they were prepared in San Giovanni in Fiore, the home village [of the Nicolavo family]—that expresses the deeper continuity between the life of the Nicks [the family's Americanized name] today and that of the Nicolavos for centuries past. For instance, when *casseri* cheese (a Greek cheese) was discovered in local stores, it was found to be superior to locally available parmesan or romano. It became the main 'grating' cheese for the Nicks, even though *casseri* cheese is not Italian. It is the concern with quality in food elements and preparation (a traditional attitude) which has continued as a deeper value than given dishes (the content)."[22]

Another domain that demonstrates the shifting boundaries and the dependence on context of these multiethnic communities is music and dance—two of the most publicly expressive forms of folklore.[23] Many immigrants brought with them musical instruments or ordered them from import houses or music stores after their arrival. Recordings from the various old countries were readily available, and saloons and coffee houses often had phonographs, which were in constant use. Traveling troupes of musicians, singers, dancers, and puppeteers passed through, and the importance of musical instruments is surely demonstrated by their frequent inclusion in posed photographs of young immigrant men, along with bottles of liquor and firearms as signifiers of worldly success and acculturation.

[22] Steve Siporin, "Our Way of Life Was Very Clear," *Northwest Folklore* 8 (Spring 1990): 9.

[23] *Coalfield Tunes: Ethnic Music from Carbon County*. CD recording. Salt Lake City: Utah Arts Council, (forthcoming, 2006).

HELPER WESTERN MINING AND RAILROAD MUSEUM

Castle Gate Brass Band, ca. 1915.

Miners and railroad workers sang and played instruments in their boarding houses as well as in places of recreation. Their fraternal lodges, sometimes in cooperation with the mining or railroad company, built dance halls and recreation centers to entertain the workers and keep them out of trouble.[24] The dances and musical performances tended to be pan-ethnic, even when the local population might have preferred a more strictly traditional performance. That is to say, private musical expression was ethnic-specific; public performance of music and dance was pan-ethnic, mixed with American popular music and dance forms. Brass bands, often sponsored by the company or town, were common, especially among Italians. Not infrequently, the bands played for striking workers as well as for parades and Sunday concerts, and there are numerous reports of an Italian brass band being hired to mark the arrival of a new bride from Italy or Greece: "Italian bands played opera and marching tunes, met Greek and Italian picture brides at the depots, and gave a touch of beauty to immigrant life."[25] Other bands, however, were multiethnic; a photograph from the Western Mining and Railroad Museum in Helper shows the Castle Gate Brass Band, circa 1915. The faces of the men in the band are young and middle-aged, broad and narrow, blond-haired and black, light-eyed and dark, clean-shaven and luxuriantly moustachioed—surely a cross-section of the immigrant popula-

[24] *A Brief History of Carbon County*. By the Teachers, Pupils, and Patrons of Carbon District, (n.p., 1930), 19.

[25] Papanikolas, "Utah's Coal Lands: A Vital Example of How America Became a Great Nation." *Utah Historical Quarterly* 43 (Spring 1975): 115. See also Siporin, "Folklore and Survival," *Old Ties, New Attachments*, 84; Papanikolas, "The Exiled Greeks," *The Peoples of Utah*, 419.

tion of the time. In a similar vein, a surviving photograph from the same museum of Helper's 1943 state champion American Legion baseball team has the players' names neatly typed on paper below the photograph: Rolando, Kavanaugh, Jones, Sillitoe, Hansen, Borla, Aplanalp, Busato, Migliacco, Dimick, Pessetto, Tonc. The coach was George Pizza. Some commentators would be tempted to leap at the obvious: the Melting Pot in sportive action. Yet the fellowship of the band or the team or the workplace might be forgotten in work strife, union activity, competition over courtship, family battles, and the all-too-familiar ethnic stereotyping of the saloon and the street.

Dance bands, too, were formed, and were a vital part of the pan-ethnic society of the mining camps, since the Friday- and Saturday-night dances, along with movies and baseball games, were the most important occasions that brought together members of the community. Bands might have members from a single ethnic group, sometimes from several. They often traveled from one town or mining camp to another, playing for dances. The music was derived primarily from the phonograph and radio, but it was often mixed with polkas, schottisches, and waltzes, which were not only significant expressions of ethnicity but implicit recognition of the diversity of the community.[26] Simultaneously, numerous forms of music from Europe and Asia were rediscovered and imported, ranging from the archaic chanting of Chinese poetry called by the Japanese *shigin* to the adoption of "button boxes" (accordions with buttons rather than piano keys) by Slovenian musicians—who had learned to play from an Italian—in response to their felt need to reinvent old-country traditions.

These examples may suggest how reliant on context and situation ethnic expression must be. Generated from an individual's knowledge of cultural tradition yet delicately responsive to the opinions and reactions of both "Americans" and other ethnic groups, ethnically freighted cultural expressions—taunts, stereotyping, foodways, music, and dance—rely upon and redefine the fluid boundaries dividing these groups, expanding and contracting (and sometimes opening entirely) to accommodate changing ideas and cultural needs.

[26] A. Philip Cederlof. "The Peerless Coal Miners," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 53 (Fall 1985): 353.

Folklore in Utah: A History and Guide to Resources. Edited by David Stanley.

(Logan: Utah State University Press, 2004. 352 pp. Paper, $24.95.)

THE BEST WRITING in the field of folklore brings traditional practices to life. People and their cultures are depicted not as objects of curiosity or clinical protocol but rather as flesh and blood human beings who are filled with the drama of being alive. David Stanley has edited a book that is saturated with such writing: *Folklore in Utah: A History and Guide to Resources*. In its collection of essays, the book brings folklore and folklorists to life with writing which makes present what Clifford Geertz calls the feel and texture of lived experience. The essays reveal a tapestry of lives lived in Utah along with profiles of extraordinary folklorists who have surveyed this territory and researched, collected, and represented its lore.

Folklore in Utah is both a history of Utah folklore scholarship and a guide to its archival, museum, and educational resources. It appeals to a range of audiences—students, scholars of folklore, history, anthropology, literature, arts and humanities, museum and festival directors, and informed laymen who want to find out more about the state and its cultures. The articles represent a blend of personal memories and research-based analyses. Developed from fourteen essays published between 1985 and 1991 in *Utah Folk Life Newsletter*, the book is divided into four parts: 1) the First Folklorists, 2) Second and Third Generations of Folklorists, 3) Studies in Utah Folklore and Folklife, and 4) Public Programs. In the appendices are descriptions of academic programs at the eight institutions of higher learning in the state, an inventory of the seven college and university folklore archives, a calendar of festivals and community celebrations, and a bibliography of nearly one thousand published items about Utah folklore. Topics of interest include the expressive and material culture of Mormons, Native Americans, pioneers, cowboys, minority communities, immigrants from other parts of the world, and migrants from elsewhere in the United States.

Folklore, Stanley suggests, is at the center of culture. Traditional beliefs and customary practices are assets for people who must confront the challenges of living with others along borders of difference. Folklore provides inherited knowledge of how to get along in society, how to work, how to play and celebrate, how to interpret what happens, how to deal with pain and loss, how to live in the present and plan for the future, and how to die. In short, folklore is the knowledge of how to be a human being in the world in which one finds oneself.

These borders of difference that separate people are pronounced in Utah history. Mormons, stigmatized for their different beliefs, enact the American saga of uprooting and journeying to another place to be free. Native Americans, cowboys, pioneers, immigrant and migrant groups, and minorities, all share, more or less, this characteristically American saga of displacement and resettling. Living on the border in Utah describes not only a geography, but also a psychology of living among those who are different.

Living on borders is also a mark of Utah folklorists. Master researchers, like Austin and Alta Fife, Barre Toelken, Bert Wilson, Wayland Hand, Jan Brunvand, Helen Papanikolas, Hector Lee, Lester Hubbard, Thomas Cheney, Olive Woolley Burt, Meg Brady, Steve Siporin, Phil Notarianni, Hal Cannon, Tom Carter, as well as David Stanley, pioneered the field of Western folklore, doing their work at the edges of the discipline where innovation is possible. The collective achievement of Utah scholarship has brought Mormon and Western cultural traditions to the attention of researchers elsewhere and helped to legitimize folklore as part of the canon of disciplines in the academy.

Folklore of Utah gives the reader something unique in a research-based book: a personal glimpse of the personalities of prominent Utah folklorists and the life experiences that may have aroused their dedication to the study of culture. Austin and Alta Fife, for example, had the ability to identify greatness in the lives of others. They were captivated by the history of Western culture. They believed that the story of the West was a classic and when all the cowboy lore was integrated, it would share the grandeur of the Homeric epics. Jan Brunvand, emeritus professor of English at the University of Utah, published the first text on folklore for college students in 1968. Brunvand's many publications in urban legends have been largely responsible for introducing American society to the relevance of folklore to everyday life.

Another master in folklore research, Bert Wilson, is astonished by everyday experiences which are reflected through his writing. His descriptions of hearing his mother's stories in rural Idaho reveal the drama, wit, and great measure of humanity in ordinary living. The study of folklore, he suggests, is a way to recognize the special worth of every human being.

Barre Toelken reports his experience of healing and being cared for across boundaries of culture by Navajos when he contracted pneumonia as a young man in southeast Utah. The capacity for reverencing forms of expression and creation in Native American cultures informs his research and mentoring of new researchers. Finally, Helen Papanikolas moved between cultures. Her uprooted Greek immigrant parents retained the ancient folk beliefs in the Evil Eye and divination rituals, which pushed against the claims of American progress and pragmatism. All these folklorists reported experiencing life at the margins, and gave part of their professional lives to uncovering the fierce beauty and energy of those farther reaches of culture.

David Stanley's book is a celebration of Utah. It celebrates the makers of Utah lore, and those who are part of a society but find themselves on its margins because they are different. Mormons, Native Americans, cowboys, pioneers, immigrants and migrants are each in their ways different. They dreamed at the edges of America and they worked for better lives in the Great Basin. *Folklore in Utah* celebrates the place, Utah, its history of strife and creation, and its civilization that is remarkable for its recognition of customary and traditional practices from every group of people within its borders. Doing the work of collecting, cataloguing, and

displaying folk processes illumines the many ways people have invented of being alive. David Stanley's *Folklore of Utah* has captured the richness of Utah in its center and along its margins, and in its distinctively American history of place and culture.

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Painters of the Wasatch Mountains. By Robert S. Olpin, Thomas F. Rugh, and Ann W. Orton. (Salt Lake City: Gibbs Smith, Publisher, 2005. ix + 225 pp. Cloth, $60.00.)

ALTHOUGH *PAINTERS OF THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS* is a collaborative effort of Robert S. Olpin, Thomas F. Rugh and Ann W. Orton, it is the contribution of Olpin that is most poignant. The book that Olpin had always wanted to write was published shortly before his death. Many know Olpin for his other publications, including *Dictionary of Art* and three books in collaboration with Bill Seifrit and Vern Swanson documenting Utah artists and their history.

Unlike the other publications on Utah art, *Painters of the Wasatch Mountains* begins with a carefully researched geological explanation of the formation of the Wasatch Mountain range. A chart of the various elevations and locations lends interest to the section describing the evolution of the land and the subsequent influence on the people who settled and lived in this region. The high altitude peaks and many canyons provide the valleys with life sustenance—water. Indeed, Wasatch means "mountains of many waters." Agriculture, mining, recreation, and tourism have benefited and sustained economic success in this mountainous area. A brief journey through the various stages of expansion sets the stage for the arrival and settlement of communities and the part played by artists visiting, living in, and painting the Wasatch Mountains.

As settlement took place, irrigation of crops brought growth and successful commercial enterprises. Water sustained the initial economic success while mining of ore and precious metals brought added wealth to the state. The acquisition of wealth for some has gradually shifted from mining the depths of the mountains to skiing and recreation enjoyed on the outer surfaces of the mountains. The 2002 Winter Olympics provided worldwide attention to the spectacular Wasatch Mountain range and the sport arenas for the region.

The relationship of western painters to the Hudson River and Rocky Mountain schools of drawing and painting sets the tone for the section on artists visiting and living in the mountainous region. The movement westward brought established ideals and aesthetics from the east and European countries. Very few early painters had extensive training in the arts, but those who did left a legacy of landscape painting still followed and admired today. The mountainous range with its valleys and plateaus provided endless views for artists to depict. Considering the

era in which the early painters lived and the endeavor to provide for their families, one is impressed with their determination to paint the landscape.

Historical documentation also involves the discovery and exploitation of the land. The paintings in the State Capitol Rotunda tell the events of early explorers, trappers, and settlers in the Wasatch Mountain area. Artists arriving in Utah recorded the pioneer trek on canvas and paper giving insight to the pioneer experience. Drawings and paintings of early settlements of small towns and farms provide a view far different from the communities we know today. A view of what once was is particularly interesting as the drawings and paintings were on-the-spot descriptions. The letters and personal accounts lend an intimacy to the experiences of these early artists as well.

Biographical anecdotes, commentary from too few writers of the period, and historical events, provide interesting insights into the accounts of the painters. Even though the collaborative writing of Robert Olpin and Tom Rugh forms the basis of the book, one can easily recognize the writing style of Olpin. Fitting the painters within the context of history, the American Manifest Destiny philosophy and the establishment of Mormon settlements provides insight to the lives and inspiration of those painting as well as drawing from their experiences and surrounding environment.

Once the region had achieved permanent status, artists proceeded with their pictorial renderings of valleys, plateaus, farms, small communities, and, of course, the magnificent mountains. Artists from the eastern United States and Europe were also drawn to the west and painted the mountainous region during their stay in Utah. Descriptive analysis of the painters' styles are defined through association with the various predominant national trends: Hudson River School, Rocky Mountain School, American Tonalism, Luminism, and Impressionism. The visiting artist tended to visually describe the region according to the style most represented in his paintings. They, nevertheless, give us beautiful images of the mountains and region as they saw and interpreted them.

The early painters, once settled in Utah, began to visually document various peaks and settled areas in their paintings. The mountains served as a backdrop to buildings and settlements. Indeed, some of the early artists were backdrop painters for the old Salt Lake Theatre productions. Individual styles emerged and eventually an art training and educational system developed in this mountainous region. The legacy of landscape painting continued and prospered. Many present-day artists paint this region in a variety of styles visually depicting the view they see with their own interpretation.

Colored plates of paintings from several collections form the bulk of the book. A book about painting is not interesting without visual references. The book is informative, well written, concentrating on the early artists rather than a comprehensive review of all artists painting the Wasatch Mountains. The colored plates, however, give a sampling of contemporary artists and their works. Brief biographies of the artists included in the book complement the text.

The collaboration of Olpin, Orton, and Rugh successfully addresses the title of the book. It is a publication one is drawn to time after time for the visual and historical interest of this region.

LILA ABERSOLD
Utah Arts Council

Working the Navajo Way: Labor and Culture in the Twentieth Century.

By Colleen O'Neil. (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2005. xvi + 235 pp.

Cloth, 29.95.)

THE NAVAJO NATION, sitting astride the boundaries of Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah, faces huge economic and social challenges. Desirous of total sovereignty but dependent on federal and state funding as well as tribal resources, it often refers to economic measures accepted by the dominant society to plead its current circumstances. While attempting to maintain its cultural heritage, it also is very much a part of the white man's world. How this situation evolved into today's circumstances is the topic of this book.

O'Neil looks at how this situation arose between the 1930s and 1970s. Using the Navajos as a test case, she suggests as her theme that "American Indian cultural practices played a very important role in shaping the terms of incorporation into the modern capitalist economy. . . . [I]ndeed [they are] relevant if not central, to the history of economic development in the United States" (3-4). Relevant, yes; central, probably not.

The value of this work rests in the author's exploration of events and attitudes as the Navajos moved from the livestock economy of the 1930s to a wage economy. Following a capsulated history of the people, O'Neil begins by examining the impact of thirty-four small coal mines operated by seventy-two Navajos in the early years. This is then linked to the concept of "hózhó" (glossed as harmony) after which she argues that as long as the Navajos maintained their own cultural ideals, before the Bureau of Indian Affairs stepped in and attempted to regulate coal production, the process fit into the culture. Once the government was involved, the Navajos lost their economic flexibility because it did not fit within cultural patterns. O'Neil's point is well-taken, but the example of mining she chose is too small in scale to draw a more general conclusion.

Weaving is her next example. Since this topic has been heavily researched, there was little that was new, but because the practice was so widespread, it certainly helps bolster her thesis of the Navajos' desire to enter the dominant economy on their own terms. The chapter entitled "Working for Wages the Navajo Way" investigates the issues of off-reservation employment. This is central to her thesis as

she discusses the role that the BIA played with non-Indian employers to provide contract Navajo labor. Hoping that this practice would reshape Navajo culture, the government sent many Indians off the reservation, thinking they would embrace white practices. They did not. Instead, the Navajos remained tied to their kinship and traditional economic patterns, while accepting only seasonal employment and forsaking the stability the BIA desired.

Organized labor (unions) fared better in the later years. At first, the Navajos viewed unions off the reservation with suspicion and as another white man's institution. However, as large extractive industries (uranium, oil, coal) became prevalent on the reservation in the 1950s, organized labor became a means for people to earn a living close to home. Workers, unions, the BIA, and the Tribal Council all joined in a fray, with the workers embracing modified union views. For them, it became a winning situation. Union practices fit into the traditional desires to remain on the reservation close to relatives and a familiar social fabric.

The author concludes by discussing other scholars' views of economic development and by arguing that the Navajos played a much larger role in shaping their destiny than they had previously been credited. The underlying assumption is that until employers adjusted their expectations to traditional beliefs, Navajo workers would modify their practices to a point, but feelings of familial and social responsibility eventually triumphed over white expectations.

This book will be of interest to those concerned with American Indian issues and economic development in settings beyond the dominant culture. While the theme has not been entirely proven and more Navajo perspective would help, the author has provided a good contribution to an era and area that are often neglected by Navajo scholars.

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The Shoshone-Bannocks: Culture and Commerce at Fort Hall, 1870-1940. By John W. Heaton. (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2005. x + 340 pp. Cloth, $39.95.)

JOHN W. HEATON'S NEW STUDY, *The Shoshone-Bannocks: Culture and Commerce at Fort Hall, 1870-1940*, is a most welcome contribution to history of American Indians generally and of the northern reaches of the Great Basin specifically. Making use of world systems theory, Heaton looks at the integration of Fort Hall's Indian population into the world capitalistic market economy. This is not a story, however, of Indians as victims to more dominant market forces. Instead, Heaton's narrative analyzes the intricacies of how those on the periphery, in this case, the Shoshone-Bannocks of Fort Hall, react and adapt to both internal and external pressures to

forge new ways of defining themselves as Indians to embrace individual, rather than collective revenue production, yet still retain traditional collective values.

Heaton's central question is "could Native groups succeed in the market economy and maintain a distinct cultural identity?" (4). His answer unfolds over six chapters plus a lengthy introduction (more about the introduction below). Chapter one introduces the Shoshone-Bannock bands of the Snake River drainage in Idaho during the middle stages of the nineteenth century, basically drawing on the standard ethnologies and histories generated by people such as Brigham Madsen, Robert Lowie, Robert and Yolanda Murphy, Julian Steward, and others. Chapter two follows the Shoshone-Bannock story during the early years of the Fort Hall Reservation (1880-1910), with special analysis of tribal census data to show the scope of the deleterious impact of bringing together the various Bruneau, Northwestern, and Shoshone-Bannock bands. Heaton's research is quite thorough into the administrative records housed at the National Archives and elsewhere—he is able to discern band leaders and settlement districts, marriage and kinship affiliations, and other important cultural descriptions from the documentary evidence, something many historians and ethnographers do not have available to them (including this reviewer's work on the Eastern Shoshones of Wind River Reservation). Chapter three discusses the political unity crafted under the Bannock leader, Tyhee, and other men whom Heaton describes as the "chieftaincy," who were able to forge common ground and often use written complaints to the Indian Office to seek removal, with great success, of many Indian agents during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

The main thrust of Heaton's study really emerges in the remaining chapters. Chapter four's examination of allotment at Fort Hall reveals that the tensions within the Shoshone-Bannock community "originated in the rise of competing economic interests, not in the policy itself" (129). This flies against the grain of most interpretations of reservation allotment studies. At Fort Hall, Heaton found that "mixed-blood" cattle raisers located on the northern part of the reservation (near present-day Blackfoot, Idaho) competed for reservation resources of hay that grew along the bottoms of the Snake River and which provided a good subsistence living for Bannock Creek district hay-cutters (who settled in the southwestern part of the reservation). Adding to this tension was the forced relocation of five hundred Lemhi Shoshones in 1907 when their reservation closed. Ultimately, the stock growers emerged as a strong political and economic group that dominated reservation decisions during the 1910s, 1920s, and 1930s (covered in chapter five). Yet, despite a strong orientation to the marketplace, Heaton suggests that the leaders of the Fort Hall Indian Stockmen's Association ultimately resorted to using the language of traditional communal values to recast their lives as modernized versions of traditional warriors.

In chapter six one learns that forming a Shoshone-Bannock identity did not rest with mere blood quantum, but on adherence to older values and practices,

such as incorporating beadwork and other handicraft production into one's daily life, or participating in the Sun Dance or Ghost Dance. Subsistence hunting, fishing, and farming coexisted with wage labor, but Shoshone-Bannock workers still set the terms on when and for how long they would work. Until the Snake River bottoms were flooded by the American Falls dam project in 1926, most Shoshone-Bannocks still lived in tents, preferring mobility and the opportunity for the social aspects and community cohesiveness of the winter camps in the bottoms to more isolated living in permanent structures on independent allotments. Heaton concludes that Shoshone-Bannocks still "achieve success in the market in a manner that reproduces collective values and a distinct identity" (241).

Although Fort Hall lands certainly afforded opportunities for ranching and agricultural development that were not available on other Indian reservations, Heaton proves his point that not all Indian communities were entirely overwhelmed by the relentless onslaught of the "march of civilization." His careful reading of quantitative and qualitative data provides an excellent example of outstanding research with readable prose. Further, the University Press of Kansas is to be commended for including Heaton's detailed endnotes, although the exclusion of a standard bibliography makes it a chore to track down the references. The long introduction, however, is a different matter. While some may appreciate Heaton's effort to place his study in the context of other recent books on American Indians and the market economy (such as those by David Rich Lewis, Melissa Meyers, and Brian Hosmer, to name three authors) and within the world systems framework, this reviewer is not clear that this essay on historiography that is loosely tied to the Fort Hall experience adds much to this otherwise well-focused study. Similarly, the occasional references to world systems theory throughout the narrative add little to the story—Heaton's outstanding work stands by itself and does not need bolstering by such intrusions.

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Picturing Arizona: The Photographic Record of the 1930s. Edited by Katherine G. Morrissey and Kirsten M. Jensen. (Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 2005. xvi + 247 pp. Cloth, $50.00; paper, $35.00.)

IN HER INTRODUCTORY ESSAY of *Picturing Arizona*, noted historian Martha Sandweiss admonishes the reader to not put an unfettered fealty into the accuracy of a photograph. Photographs, she argues, are highly problematic as historical documents in that they are never neutral and tend to conceal as much as

they reveal. This is especially true when the visual information harvested from a photograph is used as a primary source without knowing (or ignoring) the intentions behind the creation of the image.

Over the past three decades, however, there have been many attempts to recontextualize historical photographs in order to glean the original intentions and ideologies behind their creation. This has been particularly true with the rich cache of photographs created during the later part of the 1930s under the auspices of the President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Farm Security Administration (FSA), when more than 100,000 photographs were made of rural Americans by a handful of talented photographers under the direction of Roy Stryker. Since that time nearly every state, Utah included, has reexamined the FSA photographs and the travels of the photographers involved. Yet one can imagine that seeing a state from the vantage point of one federal agency, which had its own particular and, at times, controversial agenda, can produce a portrait that is highly problematic and slanted.

Where *Picturing Arizona* differs from other FSA-State investigations is that, in addition to chapters examining the work of the FSA photographers (specifically Dorothea Lange and Russell Lee), it also presents a broader and more rounded portrait of the state by incorporating the photography of other federal agencies, as well as commercial photographers, amateurs and artists (like Ansel Adams and Laura Gilpin), press photographers, and family snapshots. Examining the state from such an expansive platform is a noble, if impossible, enterprise, and yet this book succeeds in creating a rich and multifaceted portrait of Arizona during the 1930s.

According to the editors Katherine Morrissey and Kirsten Jensen, this compilation of essays was conceived as a "conversation about the state and its people through the medium of the photographic lens" (viii). The participants of this conversation make up an eclectic mix of writers, Western and Arizona historians, art historians, an anthropologist, and an agrarian historian. Together these interdisciplinary voices provide a knowledgeable and often lucid insight into the numerous federal programs, downtrodden overland migrants, bustling tourism, and established Mexican and Native American populations that made Arizona fertile ground for the camera during the Great Depression.

It is worth noting, however, that not all of the essays are of equal weight, and some are clearly more effective in cogently using photographs than others. Among the most effective are Dr. Brian Cannon's investigation into the Casa Grande Valley Farms, Margaret Regan's "Paper Faces" an investigation on the photography of the Navajo and Hopi, and Dr. Katherine Morrissey's "Dams and Erosion: Interpretations and Representations of Arizona's Environment." Yet even with its short comings, *Picturing Arizona*, succeeds in not merely creating a history of Arizona illustrated through photographs, but, as Sandweiss also notes, a "history written through photographs."

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God's Country, Uncle Sam's Land: Faith and Conflict in the American West.

By Todd M. Kerstetter. (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 2006.

viii + 213 pp. Cloth, $36.00.)

IN HIS EPILOGUE to this intriguing little book, Todd Kerstetter includes a brief account of the recent invasion of Schleicher County, Texas, by fundamentalist Mormon followers of the elusive Warren Jeffs. Fleeing government prosecution and apparently leading his flock on a hegira from the Short Creek region on the Utah-Arizona border, Jeffs seems to be repeating an old but greatly significant story in the history of the American West. Citing "an uneasy coexistence" between the old and new residents of the area, Kerstetter quotes a Dallas newspaper: "The people of Eldorado struggle with whether their beliefs in independence and freedom from government persecution are more important than their religious convictions" (170-71). This anecdote summarizes succinctly Kerstetter's thesis (also well-expressed in the book's clever title): Despite the West's inclination to independence, openness, and individuality, Protestant values sometimes clash with those ideals and have often driven government policies that leave "little room for certain types of dissenters" (12).

Expanding on his doctoral dissertation at the University of Nebraska, the author presents three case studies to prove his thesis – Mormons, Ghost Dancers, and Branch Davidians. Each essay shines both in its readability and its effectiveness in supporting his major points, although the chapter on the Mormons is by far the most convincing. Perhaps his best work, however, comes in a preliminary essay (chapter 1) in which he draws with precision boundaries in the West that separate those who fit the national cultural norm and who thus commonly feel the powers of government as a strong wind at their backs, and those who cross the line into unacceptable behaviors that bring forth the fiery wrath of the state. Accepting Robert Hines's premise that frontier society was monolithic culturally and simply could not tolerate differences, Kerstetter seems to suggest in his essay on the Waco disaster that not much has changed in a century and a half of western history. In other words, when dissenter behavior exceeds "the bounds of Protestant taste," trouble follows (11).

In a generally successful attempt to present a balanced account of the clashes between these various groups of dissenters and the state, the author tells the long story of each religious movement rather than mere anecdotes of confrontations with government forces. For example, his essay on Mormonism dips back to its beginnings in the "Burned Over District." Although forgivably and perhaps necessarily shallow, it presents the Mormons as largely misunderstood and hardly deserving of the deep disgust with which mainstream America regarded them, especially during the Utah War episode. While devoting several pages to the persistent anti-Mormon observations of people like Captain John W. Phelps as

exemplary of American sentiment, it also reports the softening attitudes of the anonymous soldier "Utah" who reported more generously on the Mormons to a Philadelphia newspaper. If Kerstetter errs on the side of criticism, it is only in keeping with his thesis. Mormonism certainly challenged drastically the mainstream Protestant ideals that formulated government policy.

The essay on the Mormons focuses appropriately on the Utah War period with a lingering look at the Mountain Meadows Massacre, but it continues past that period into the anti-polygamy crusade of the last half of the nineteenth century. Although his history presents little that is "new" or even challenging to students of Utah history, Kerstetter uses the anti-Mormon pogrom to reveal the profound intolerance of American society to any religious society that wanders too far out of the mainstream. In fact, the chapter on "Uncle Sam and the Saints" completes the author's case – enough said.

Illuminating essays on the Ghost Dance and Branch Davidians are less effective, partly due to dramatic differences the author attempts to minimize among the three case studies. Indeed, Kerstetter's claim that the conflict between David Koresh's followers and the federal government appears "remarkably similar to those involved in Utah and South Dakota" rings a bit hollow, as do comparisons between the followers of Brigham Young and Wovoka (125). The chapters on the Ghost Dance and the Branch Davidians are nevertheless fascinating and informative, even if they are more of a stretch for the thesis than the essay on the Mormons.

In the final analysis, Todd Kerstetter has created a powerful volume of history that reinforces an ongoing reassessment of historical views of the American West and the whole notion of American religious freedom. While not the first to argue his points, Kerstetter's case studies underline darkly the notion that in America "diversity occurs mostly within a narrow spectrum of religious possibilities," and that religious groups outside that spectrum can "expect conflict," often "with explosive force" (173). As his book demonstrates, nothing argues the truth of that idea more effectively than nineteenth-century Utah history.

GENE A. SESSIONS
Weber State University

Idaho's Bunker Hill: The Rise and Fall of a Great Mining Company, 1885-1981.

By Katherine G. Aiken. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2005. xix + 284 pp.

Cloth, $29.95.)

THE BOOKSHELVES OF WESTERN MINING HISTORY are crowded with many decades of works encompassing all aspects of the topic from labor unions to corporations, from technological innovation to environmental catastrophe.

Katherine Aiken has done a remarkable job of balancing these themes and more in her story of the Bunker Hill Company and the town of Kellogg in North Idaho. Aiken had access to the company records well before they were deposited in archives at the University of Idaho, and it shows in the depth of stories and personalities that arise in her book.

Through six chronological chapters, Aiken emphasizes that Bunker Hill is a reflection of broader trends in corporate, social, labor, legal, and environmental history. Each chapter systematically covers all these bases. Some chapters cover well-worn topics, such as the labor violence of the late-nineteenth century, while others deal with the transitions and growth during the middle-twentieth century, an era often overlooked by many histories of western mining. The discussion of the Coeur d'Alene mining wars of the 1890s is greatly enhanced by the inside story from the perspective of company administrators. These men do not appear any less brutal than they do in other accounts, but the reader comes to understand them more and to see how "the 1890s labor wars had ended with a total victory for management" (40). The final chapter traces the roots of the company's demise in industry consolidation, foreign competition, national environmental regulations, economic conditions, and company leadership, beginning with the hostile takeover by Texas-based Gulf Resources Corporation and ending with the closure of the mine and mills in 1981.

Corporate history often falls into a dull morass of account books and CEO's, but *Idaho's Bunker Hill* stands out as a story of personalities, some more admirable than others but all of them treated with respect by the author. This is a company history that includes the workers as active players in their own story. At times the author seems too generous and forgiving with her subjects. Frederick Bradley is richly presented as a visionary company manager during its formative decades. Aiken defends his "genuine concern for miners and their safety," yet goes on to quote him saying, "In working the mine we are sure to kill a certain percentage of our men" (18-19). The author leaves it to the reader to pass judgment on the people involved.

One leaves this story with decidedly mixed and unresolved feelings of the company, which is likely part of Aiken's intent. Public opinion in Kellogg for the past century has also been ambivalent. Bunker Hill was a deeply paternalistic firm in an era when many companies saw themselves as parental figures to their workers. Following its defeat of the Western Federation of Miners in 1899, the company established its own sanctioned union as a way to look after workers' interests and to exclude any challengers to their authority in the mines. Even after they gained recognition for their first independent union in the 1930s, employees and town residents referred to "Uncle Bunker" as a father figure. Management often viewed workers as careless and naïve children. The company was well aware of the devastating health and environmental impacts its operations had on the surrounding communities, but when lead levels exceeded federal thresholds as "dangerous" in 98 percent of local children in 1974, the company blamed this on poor parenting

or blamed federal and state regulators for meddling. Beginning in 1975, workers whose blood lead readings exceeded the company standard were given ninety days to fix the problem or be fired. Yet despite its mixed legacy, Aiken leaves no doubt that Bunker Hill was an innovative leader in the industry and a central figure in the lives of the surrounding communities.

KEVIN R. MARSH
Idaho State University
Pocatello, Idaho

Honest Horses: Wild Horses in the Great Basin. By Paula Morin. (Reno and Las Vegas: University of Nevada Press, 2006. xxv + 376 pp. Paper, $24.95.)

THE IMAGE OF WILD HORSES running free on the open range in the West evokes a warm, romantic nostalgia in almost all of us. Unfortunately, behind that image lie deep and complex problems, sometimes fraught with more emotion than reason. One essay in the book suggests that "The fate of wild horses has come to be a metaphor for the fate of the American West as a whole" (340). And there are widely divergent opinions as to the direction that fate should take. Should the wild mustangs be left alone, or should they be carefully managed, with excess animals removed from the range? And if managed, what do we do with the surplus?

In her book, *Honest Horses*, Paula Morin presents sixty-two brief essays on wild horses, their history, their environment, and their impact upon it. An impressive list of authorities from an impressive variety of viewpoints and backgrounds are included. Wild horse managers for the Bureau of Land Management (BLM), ranchers and buckaroos, veterinarians, biologists, ecologists, and wild horse advocacy groups all offer opinions based on varying viewpoints and experiences. A passionate love for the land and the animals that live on it are themes had in common among the contributors, regardless of the background from which they speak.

The need for intelligent, consistent, and coordinated management of the wild horse herds is another point of universal agreement. Strengths and weaknesses of BLM management and the adoption program are discussed, and strong and differing opinions on the preferable solution to the problem are presented. All contributors agree that horse overpopulation, which leads to overgrazing, causes terrible suffering to the animals due to lack of adequate feed and water. The first priority is the health and condition of the range. Coming in a close second, and entirely dependent upon the first, is the well being of the animals, including cattle, wild horses, and other types of wildlife.

Wild horse advocacy groups which try to block all removal of horses from the range and promote natural control of horse populations are out of touch with reality. They are chasing an ideal and a vision which doesn't exist, and as one contributor stated, "…they need to get a life instead of a cause" (48). Several

writers knew and worked with Velma Johnson, "Wild Horse Annie," who was instrumental in bringing to pass the 1971 Wild Free-Roaming Horses and Burros Act. Johnson lived on the land in Nevada and understood the need for proper management of the horse herds. She would never agree to some of the directions taken by factions of the movement she started to eliminate cruelty in handling wild horses. And indeed, this is an emotional and controversial issue. Some strongly condemn alleged collusion of the current administration with ranchers, environmentalists, and oil and gas interests, teaming up to remove the mustangs from public lands.

If the book has a weakness, it is in the first half as one contributor after another lays out the problems of horse overpopulation and lack of cohesive management. It gets a little tedious. For this reviewer, the best parts were the treatises on Great Basin ecology and natural history, and the stories of wild horse hunting and mustanging in the old days. Ms. Morin's focus is on wild horses, but she talks of our stewardship and how it must extrapolate from horses to all of God's creations. This is a worthwhile book, which, hopefully, will stimulate thought and dialog followed by steps to solve the problems described.

PATRICK HEARTY
South Jordan

BOOK NOTICES

The Mormon Colonies in Mexico. By Thomas Cottam Romney. (Salt Lake City: The University of Utah Press, 2005. viii + 338 pp. Paper, $19.95.)

Until the publication of Lamont Tullis' *Mormons in Mexico* in 1987, Thomas Romney's *The Mormon Colonies in Mexico*, which first appeared in 1938, was the only published account of the Mormon colonies in northern Mexico for the decades from the 1880s until the 1930s. The author moved to Mexico with his family in 1885 at the age of nine and remained there until his mid-thirties when political difficulties caused most Mormons to leave and return to the United States. This narrative history provides an account of the first Mormons in Mexico, the acquisition of land and the establishment of the Mormon colonies in Chihuahua and Sonora, a moving first-hand account of the unrest and resulting exodus of Mormons in 1912, the return by some of the exiles and their struggle to reestablish the colonies, and concludes with a summary of conditions in the Mormon Mexican colonies in 1938. The republication of this long out of print

history includes a new introduction by University of Utah Professor Martha Sonntag Bradley.

Polygamy in Lorenzo Snow's Brigham City: An Architectural Tour. By Lowell C. Bennion, Alan L Morrell, and Thomas Carter. (Salt Lake City, University of Utah College of Architecture and Planning, 2005. 81 pp. Paper, $19.95.)

In 1853, Brigham Young directed the prominent LDS church member Lorenzo Snow to establish and create a settlement in northern Utah that came to be known as Brigham City. By the 1870s, Snow had fashioned a community that church leaders lauded as a model for the rest of Mormondom. It also became a settlement with a widespread practice of polygamy. Recently, the University of Utah College of Architecture and Planning explored the lives of early Brigham City settlers through the houses in which they lived. The results of their study examine the polygamist lifestyles of many original residents and include a thorough analysis of many prominent figures who practiced polygamy in Brigham City.

Silencing the Vicksburg Guns: The Story of the 7th Missouri Infantry Regiment As experienced by John Davis Evans Union Private and Mormon Pioneer. By Jerry Evan Crouch. (Victoria, British Columbia: Trafford Publishing, 2005. vii +184 pp. Paper, $19.95.)

During the years just before the beginning of the Civil War, John Davis Evans made two annual trips to Salt Lake City as a teamster for a Mormon supply wagon train. On June 1, 1861, Evans joined the Union army for a three-year stint as a private in Company D of the Seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry Regiment and participated in a number of battles including the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi. Following his parents' conversion to Mormonism in Wales in 1845, the family immigrated to America in 1850 and settled in the St. Louis area. After his discharge, Evans made his third and final journey to Utah and lived most of his life in the Sixteenth Ward, a Welsh enclave near the present Utah State Fairgrounds on Salt Lake City's westside where he established the Evans Union Ice Cream Company—union denoting his proud Civil War service in the Union army. This account by a great-great grandson offers a detailed history of the Seventh Missouri Infantry Regiment during the Civil War.

Larger Than Life: New Mexico in the Twentieth Century. By Ferenc M. Szasz. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2006. xviii + 298 pp. Paper, $22.95.)

Ferenc M. Szasz takes a broad look at twentieth-century New Mexican history in this collection of ten essays. The book is divided into four sections: People, Cultures, Atomic New Mexico, and Mysteries. Szasz ties these sections threads together by emphasizing the importance of New Mexico as an almost spiritual "place," which for him is tied to "belonging and often a 'sense of being'" (xiv). With chapters on Robert Oppenheimer, the Los Alamos laboratory, nuclear testing, and Atomic photography, the bulk of the volume deals with New Mexico in the Atomic Age.

Mormonism and Evolution: The Authoritative LDS Statements. By William E. Evenson and Duane E. Jeffery. (Draper: Greg Kofford Books, 2006. vi +123 pp. Paper, $15.95.)

Attempting to unravel the confusion regarding the official position of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on evolution, William E. Evenson, an administrator and professor of physics at Utah Valley State College, and Duane Jeffery, a professor of integrative biology at Brigham Young University, have collected all known official statements made by the First Presidency and the President of the Church. The volume is annotated to provide historical context for each pronouncement.

National Parks and the Woman's Voice: A History. By Polly Welts Kaufman. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2006. xxxviii +312 pp. Paper, $22.95.)

Updated a decade after its first publication, *National Parks and the Woman's Voice* looks at the work done by women, both publicly and behind the scenes, on behalf of the nation's national parks. Although Kaufman finds that the ratio of women park rangers to men has not advanced significantly in the past ten years, she also finds that women's perspectives and values—for example, inclusiveness and an emphasis on relationships and networking—have changed the national parks dramatically.

Thomas Moran's West: Chromolithography, High Art, and Popular Taste. By Joni L. Kinsey. (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2006. xii + 260 pp. Cloth, $45.00.)

Published as a portfolio of chromolithographs in 1876, Thomas Moran's watercolor images of Yellowstone offered many Americans their first glimpse of the country's first national park. Moran's images are reproduced in this beautiful book, along with two dozen other color plates and over one hundred black-and-white illustrations. A preeminent authority on the artist, Joni Kinsey argues that Moran's chromolithographs had an important place in American visual culture and shaped the public's fascination with the West.

Puebloan Ruins of the Southwest. By Arthur H. Rohn and William M. Ferguson. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2006. xiv +320 pp. Cloth, $60; paper, $34.95.)

This colorfully illustrated volume explores twenty-five hundred years of Pueblo culture and architecture. The authors cover Mesa Verde in Colorado's northern San Juan River region, Canyon de Chelly and the Grand Canyon ruins in the Kayenta region, and Chaco Canyon, among others. The authors mix historical commentary with images and aerial photography to paint a remarkably complete picture of Pueblo life.

The Archaeology of Chaco Canyon: An Eleventh-Century Pueblo Regional Center. Edited by Stephen H. Lekson. (Santa Fe, NM: School of American Research Press, 2006. xvi + 544 pp. Paper, $29.95.)

A companion to the book *Culture and Ecology of Chaco Canyon and the San Juan Basin*, this volume results from nearly four decades of research on Chaco Canyon. The exact purpose of the Chaco Canyon ruins is still debated—some archaeologists believe it to be a city, some see it as a ceremonial center. The contributors to this book address the themes of environment, organization of production, architecture, regional issues, society, and polity, among others, placing Chaco in its regional and historical context.

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